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CRUDEN'S COMPLETE CONCORDANCE

TO THE
Old and New Testament.

A
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WITH
A Concordance to the Proper Names of the Old and New Testaments; a Complete Table of Proper Names; Meanings in the Original Languages; a Concordance to the Apocrypha; and a Compendium of the Holy Scriptures, etc.

EDITED BY WILLIAM YOUNGMAN.

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CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS:

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM MODERN AUTHORS.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care ;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer ! "

WITH UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON :
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
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IN this volume we have endeavoured to string together such Christian Lyrics as seem to us specially adapted to be the expression of home thoughts, and the companions of every-day life.

Mingled with many lyrics hitherto unpublished, or but little known, will be found some, the words of which have long been familiar to us all. If an excuse for this be needed, it must be found in the feeling, which we trust others will share, that—even were it not for their intrinsic beauty—they are enshrined in so many hearts, and consecrated by so many long-cherished and hallowed associations, that no collection of sacred poetry would be complete without them.

We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to print these lyrics in their original form : except in one or two instances, we have not knowingly omitted any of the verses ; but should occasional incompleteness or deviation

from the true reading, be detected, it must be accounted for by the difficulty of tracing some of these pieces to their source, and to the consequent necessity of trusting to collections, the editors of which have not felt themselves bound to be equally scrupulous.

To those authors who have so willingly permitted us to insert their poems, and to Messrs Longman and Co., who have allowed us to transfer some pieces from *Lyra Germanica*, we beg here to offer our deserved acknowledgments.

Should our little collection be of any service in suggesting sacred thoughts or exciting holy feelings, we shall not regret that we have brought together, for the cheering of others' hearts, what has been such a source of joy and refreshing to our own.

The Lyrics marked * were printed for the first time in "Later Lyrics," and are Copyright.





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Christian Lyrics.



THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii.

F all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the heavy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,

THE SLEEP.

Though on its slope men sow and reap :
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say, and through the word,
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
“Who giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, “not a tear o’er her must fall !
‘He giveth His belovèd, sleep.’”

E. B. Browning.



THE PEACE OF GOD.



WE ask for peace, O Lord !

Thy children ask Thy peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That care and toil should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should end
In smiling day ;—

It is not for such peace that we should
pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord !

Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure :
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe ;—

Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy peace, O Lord !

Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life :

THE PEACE OF GOD.

While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might :—
Yet passing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord,
Who toil while others sleep ;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap :
They lean on Thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest :
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

A. A. Procter



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

PRAYER.



WHEN prayer delights thee least, then
learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou
shouldst pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I
would fain
Straighten myself by Thy right line
again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my
late fruits ;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my
parchèd roots.

My well is better ; cast therein the
trec,
That sweet henceforth its brackish
waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White-heat the iron in the furnace won ;
Withdrawn from thence, 't was cold and hard anon.

ON BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain-head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of Thy mantle hold,
When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.
Archbishop Trench.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL
SINGING IN A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME.



SWEET voices! seldom mortal ear
Strains of such potency might hear;
My soul that listened seemed quite gone,
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
I was borne upward, till I trod
Among the hierarchy of God.
And when they ceased, as time must bring
An end to every sweetest thing,
With what reluctancy came back
My spirits to their wonted track,
And how I loathed the common life,
The daily and recurring strife

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

With petty sins, the lowly road,
And being's ordinary load.
Why, after such a solemn mood,
Should any meaner thought intrude?
Why will not Heaven hereafter give,
'That we for evermore may live
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent?
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart;
These seasons come, and they depart,
These seasons, and those higher still,
When we are given to have our fill
Of strength and life and joy with Thee,
And brightness of Thy face to see.
They come, or we could never guess
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness;
They come, to be our strength and cheer
In other times, in doubt or fear,
Or should our solitary way
Lie through the desert many a day.
They go, they leave us blank and dead,
That we may learn, when they are fled,
We are but vapours which have won
A moment's brightness from the sun,
And which it may at pleasure fill
With splendour, or unclothe at will.
Well for us they do not abide,
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,

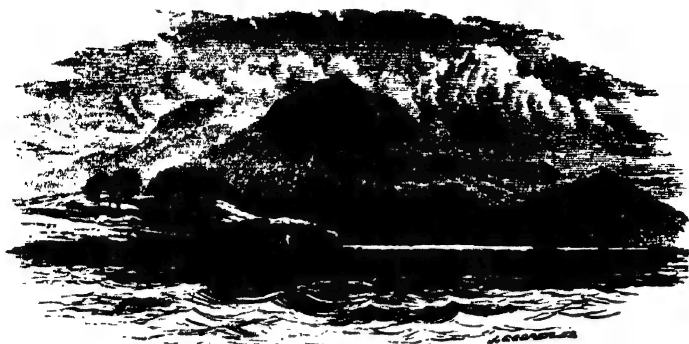
ON BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

And be as angels—but as they
Who on the battlements of day
Walked, gazing on their power and might,
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
When out of reach of earth's dull chime
'Tis ours to drink with purged ears
The music of the solemn spheres,
Or in the desert to have sight
Of those enchanted cities bright,
Which sensual eye can never see :
Thrice welcome may such seasons be :
But welcome too the common way,
The lowly duties of the day,
And all which makes and keeps us low,
And teaches us ourselves to know,
That we, who do our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side,
To earth and to its dust allied.

Archbishop Trench.





PARTING.



PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and
light;—

Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! so give the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

S. F. Adams.

THE IVY.

THE IVY.



HE ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered
by dew ;
Its pallid leaflets only
drank
Cave moistures foul and
odours dank.



But through the dungeon
grating high
There fell a sunbeam from
the sky :
It slept upon the grateful
floor
In silent gladness ever-
more.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to
the root ;
It felt the light, it saw
the ray,
It strove to issue into day.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb ;
Long had the darkness been its home,
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong ;
Its stem expanded firm and long ;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world ;
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing ;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread ;
And in the day-beam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace,
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

THE IVY.

Wouldst know the moral of this rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light, and climb!
Look up, O tenant of the cell,
Where man, the prisoner, must dwell.

In every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day,
On every heart a sunbeam falls,
To cheer its lonely prison walls.

The ray is Truth. O soul, aspire
To bask in its celestial fire;
So shalt thou quit the glooms of clay,
So shalt thou flourish into day.

So shalt thou reach the dungeon grate
No longer dark and desolate;
And look around thee, and above,
Upon a world of light and love.

C. Mackay.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



ONWARD.

ONWARD! the goal thou seekest
Is worthy the quest of a life,
And love can give to the weakest
Courage and strength for the strife.

High is the prize above thee,
In the light of that golden sky;
The ladder's not all of sunshine,
Whereon thou must climb so high.

Earth's shadows and griefs have
darkened,

Earth's sorrows have shaded its light,
But rays from the sunshine of heaven
Each upward step make bright.

Sometimes the glory paleth,
And its brightness disappears;
'Tis only thy eye that faileth,
Or is dimmed by earth-born tears.

Onward! our cry for ever,
Till our glorious goal be won,
'Mid the brightness fading never
Of the light-enshrouded sun.

L. R





“I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE
AFRAID.”



LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient Strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost hearts are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit.
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God has cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

"I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID."

All are alike before His face ;
 'Tis easy to our God most high
To make the rich man poor and base,
 To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
 But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust His rich promises of grace,
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee :
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Lyra Germanica.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

"MAKE THY WAY PLAIN BEFORE MY FACE."



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from
home—

Lead Thou me on

Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,—

Lead Thou me on!

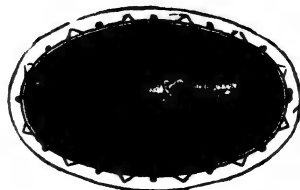
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.





“NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING.”



EVER hasting, never resting,”
With a firm and joyous heart,
Ever onward slowly tending,
Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,
Doing all thou hast to do ;
Seeking ever man's upraising,
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,
Unelated by success ;
Heights attained revealing higher,
Onward, upward, ever press.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,
Future navies may provide ;
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature
Since the earth her course began ;
Such to thee she teacheth daily,
Eager, ardent, restless man.

“Never hasting, never resting,”
Glad in peace and calm in strife ;
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful, and unswerving,
Weary though thou art and faint,
Ne'er despair,—there's One above thee
Listing ever to thy plaint.

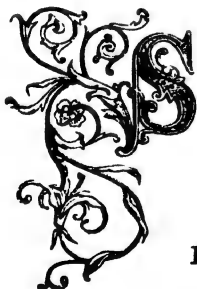
"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,
Dieth he who standeth still;
Not by haste or rest can ever
Man his destiny fulfil.

"Never hasting, never resting,"
Legend fine, and quaint, and olden,
In our thinking, in our acting,
Should be writ in letters golden.



"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."



SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains
me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad,—but not in Thee.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes, prone to sin,
And, in Thine own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see !
It draws us to Thy side in prayer.
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. Waring.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.



STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away ;
But another and holier treasure
You would not perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A. A. Procter.





ENOCK.



AST thou not seen at break of day,
One only star the east adorning,
That never set or paled its ray,
But seemed to sink at once away
Into the light of morning?

From it the sage no portent drew,
It came to light no meteor fires,
But silver shone the whole night through,
On hawthorn hedges steeped in dew
And quiet village spires.

Like him of old who dwelt beneath
The tents of patriarchal story,
Who passed without the touch of death,
Without dim eye or failing breath,
At once into God's glory—

ENOCH.

The Patriarch of one simple spot,
The sire of sons and daughters lowly,
And this the record of his lot,
“He walked with God, and he was not,”
For the Lord took him wholly.

Like a child's voice in sacred song,
That trembling rises higher and higher,
Till lost at last, it peals along,
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong
Of great cathedral choir ;—



So year by year, and day by day,
In pastoral care and household duty,
He walked with God—nor knew decay—
But faded gently, wrapt away,
Into His glorious beauty.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

There's many a household fair to see,
By woodland nook or running river,
Where children climb the parent's knee,—
Oh that those homes like his might be,
Filled with God's presence ever!

Oh that our thoughts so heavenly were,
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,
That all our loves, and toils, and care
Might only lead us nearer there,
Where He is set in heaven.

C. F. Alexander.

FOR EVER.



HEY came, they went ; of pleasures
passed away,
How often this is all that we can say :
They came like dewdrops in the morn-
ing hour,
They went like dewdrops 'neath the
noontide's power ;
Came like the cistus with its purple
eye,
Went like the cistus, blooming but to
die ;
Unheeded in their flight they glided past,—
We sighed not, for we knew not 't was the last !

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

There's no last time in heaven! the angels pour
A still-new song, though chanted evermore;
There's no night following on their daylight hours,
No fading-time for amaranthine flowers;
No change, no death, no harp that lies unstrung,
No vacant place those hallowed hills among!



BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

NOUGH T see we here as yet in full perfection,
Nought reaching yet unto its true ideal;
Lost to our careless sight is that connection
Which knitted once the perfect to the real.

Each form of loveliness, each fair creation,
Hath yet a type more true and brighter far,
And we must trace in all the dim relation,
And what they might be learn from what they are.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thus every character, whate'er its sweetness,
Is but a fruit all blighted and unripe,
Still ever striving towards its own completeness,
Still ever yearning towards its highest type.

And only as we know and love them duly,
As buds and promise of a fairer growth,
Shall we learn how to weigh and prize them truly,
And trace the true unto the highest truth.

Though lost and fallen is our perfect being,
Its beauty 'mid its ruins we may see,
And strive we still, the far completeness seeing,
To reach once more the highest we can be.

And strive we, following in our love and duty
Him who doth noblest, truest, purest, shine,
Who raised our human to its highest beauty
By blending with it His own bright divine.

L. R.



SUSPIRIA.



SUSPIRIA.



TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stampt upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

Longfellow.





THE SUPPLIANT.

ALL night the lonely suppliant
prayed,
All night his earnest crying
made,
Till, standing by his side at
morn,
The tempter said, in bitter
scorn,
“Oh, peace : what profit do
you gain
From empty words and bab-
blings vain ?

‘Come, Lord—oh, come !’ you cry alway,
You pour your heart out night and day ;
Yet still no murmur of reply—
No voice that answers, ‘Here am I.’”
Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust ;
No strength retained it now to pray,
While faith and hope had fled away ;
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the tempter’s art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,
“Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above

THE SUPPLIANT.

Thy prayer ; that never any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before ? ”
“ I am cast out—I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace.
‘ Come, Lord—oh, come ! ’ I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer—‘ Here am I, my son. ’ ”
“ O dull of heart—enclosed doth lie
In each ‘ Come, Lord ! ’ a ‘ Here am I : ’
Thy love, thy longing are not thine—
Reflections of a love divine !
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven. ”

Archbishop Trench.



MORTALITY.

"And we shall be changed."



E dainty mosses, lichens grey,
Pressed each to each in tender
fold,
And peacefully thus, day by day,
Returning to your mould ;

Brown leaves that with ærial grace
Slip from your branch like birds
a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
Its bud of future spring ;—

If we, God's conscious creatures,
knew

But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
When summoned clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet,
We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatsoe'er new form is meet
Content to reappear.

"WHEREWITH SHALL I COME," ETC.

Knowing each germ of life He gives
Must have in Him its source and rise,
Being that of His being lives
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
Go to your graves as I will go,
For God is also there.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."



*'WHEREWITH SHALL I COME BEFORE
THE LORD?'*

GOD asketh gifts ; what hast thou wrought ?
What store of treasure earned ?
All kings their richest wealth have brought,
And peasants blest returned.
Bring virtue, humbleness, and truth ;
God will reward thy field's fair growth.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

But hast thou nought? has harvest failed?

The vines died in the frost?

Give love and faith, such have availed

When all beside was lost.

God in His mercy will receive

Those who but love Him and believe.

If even such thou canst not bring,

Love garnered, rooted faith,

Nor e'en one palest bud of spring

To cheer this wintry death,

God will receive thy prayer and give

The faith by which His children live.

But if thy unused lips in vain

Would speak of thy most bitter need,

If sorrow, dumb through sin's long pain,

Now careth not to wish or plead,

God asketh but thy heart laid bare

To fill its emptiness with prayer.

Lucy F. Massey.



"WE LOVE HIM," ETC.

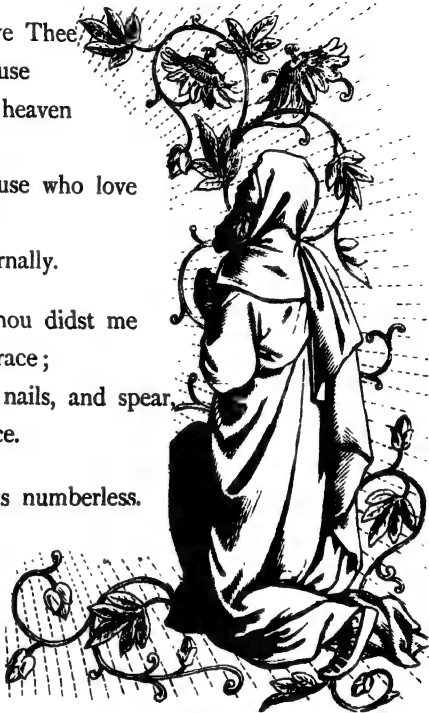
"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."



O God, I love Thee,
not because
I hope for heaven
thereby,
Nor yet because who love
Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless.
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself: and all
for me
Who was Thine enemy.



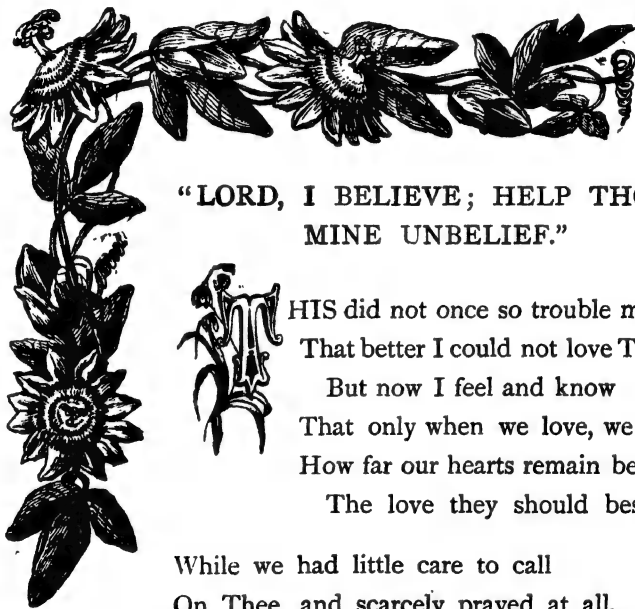
Then why, O blessed JESU CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my GOD,
And my Eternal KING.

Francis Xavier.



“LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU
MINE UNBELIEF.”



HIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee ;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray :
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their homage pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

Archbishop Trench.

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.



HAVE gone the whole round of creation : I
saw and I spoke !

I, a work of God's hand for that purpose,
received in my brain

And pronounced on the rest of His handiwork
—returned Him again

His creation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw.

I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet
all's law !

Now I lay down the judgeship He lent me. Each faculty
tasked

To perceive Him has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop
was asked.

Have I knowledge? confounded it shriveled at wisdom
laid bare.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the
Infinite Care!

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?

I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and
the clod.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it
too)

The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's All-
Complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet!
Yet with all this abounding experience, this Deity known,
I shall dare to discover some promise, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think,)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold! I could love if I
durst!

But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for
love's sake.

—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when
doors great and small,

Nine and ninety flew ope to our touch, should the
hundredth appal?

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest
of all?

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? here
the parts shift,

Here the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what
began? .

Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him,—who yet
alone can?

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much
less power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous
dower

Of the life he was gifted and filled with? To make such
a soul,

Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the
whole?

And doth it not enter my mind, (as my warm tears
attest,)

These good things being given, to go on, and give one
more, the best?

Ay, to save, and redeem, and restore him, maintain at
the height

His perfection,—succeed with life's dayspring, death's
minute of night?

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the
mistake,

Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find
himself set

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Clear and safe in new light and new life, a new harmony
yet

To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—
or endure

The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to
make sure ;

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles
in this.

I believe it! 'tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who
receive :

In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to
believe.

All's one gift. Thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt
to my prayer,

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to
the air.

From Thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, Thy
dread Sabaoth :

I will!—the mere atoms despise me! why am I not
loth

To look that, even that, in the face too? why is it I dare
Think lightly of such impuissance? what stops my
despair?

This ; 'tis not what man does which exalts him, but
what man would do !

See the king—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes
fall through.

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to
enrich,

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing
which,

I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through
me now!

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—
so wilt Thou!

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown,

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand it! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue
with death!

As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with it and for it, of being
beloved!

He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall
stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh
that I seek

In 'the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it
shall be

A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a hand like
this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See
the Christ stand!

R. Browning.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.”



H for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above :
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of LOVE.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."



COME, thou bright and morn-
ing Star,
Light of Light without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning :
Drive away by Thy clear light,
Our dark night.

As the soft refreshing dew
Falls on drooping herb and flower,
Let Thy Spirit shed anew
Life on every wearied power :
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store,
Evermore.

Let Thy Love's pure fire destroy
All our earthly taint and leaven,
Kindling love and holy joy
With the dawning eastern heaven :
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life has set.

Ah ! Thou dayspring from on high,
Grant that at Thy next appearing,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

We, who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing,
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded ;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy and perfect peace,
Never cease.



‘THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.’



THE day is gone,
And left alone,
I long for that blest morrow
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near,
With Thy bright lamp, O Jesus;
From the night of sin and death
Speedily release us.

The sweet sunlight
Fades from my sight;
O Glory uncreated,
Shed Thy glowing beams on me
Who so long have waited.

Whate'er doth move,
Below, above,
Now from its work reposes;
Show me, Lord, Thy work in me
Ere mine eyelid closes.

When shall the day
Abide alway,
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days arise
Where no sun is needed?

To Salem, then,
No more again
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh ! were I there !
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing ;
Where the saints are evermore
Holy, Holy, singing !

Jesus, my rest !
Thou ever blest !
Oh ! help my poor endeavour ;
Let me, in Thy glorious light,
Shine before Thee ever.



A VALEDICTION.

GOD be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee !
Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north—
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath thee
Looking equal in one snow !
While I, who try to reach thee,

A VALEDICTION.

Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.

Alas! I can but teach thee—

God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee!

Can I teach thee, my beloved,—can I teach thee?

If I said go left or right,
The counsel would be light,—

The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee.

My right would show like left;
My raising would depress thee;
My choice of light would blind thee,—
Of way would lead behind thee,—
Of end would leave bereft.

Alas! I can but bless thee—

May God teach thee, my beloved,—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my beloved, can I bless thee?

What blessing word can I
From my own tears keep dry?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?

My good reverts to ill;
My calmnesses would move thee;
My softnesses would prick thee;
My bindings-up would break thee;
My crownings curse and kill.

Alas! I can but love thee—

May God bless thee, my beloved,—may God bless thee!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Can I love thee, my beloved—can I love thee?
And is *this* like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?
My love-kiss can deny
No tear that falls beneath it:
My oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee,—
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And *I*, I can but die!
May God love thee, my beloved,—may God love thee!

E. B. Browning

DAY BY DAY.



GIVE us this day our daily bread,
The force to toil, the strength to bear;
By Thee the day-long march is led,
Thy hand the manna will prepare.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Thyself to be our portion give;
That food of which the Saviour said,
"The man that eateth it shall live."

DAY BY DAY.

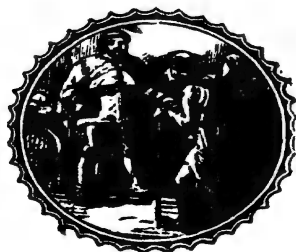
To Thee have passed our yesterdays,
Our morrows still are out of sight,
And all our service, all Thy praise,
Lie here between the dawn and night.

Thou in 'Thy perfect peace wilt fold
All those who love this narrow bound,
From fears that bar, regrets that hold,
The pressure of the time around.

Our hearts are weak, the years are long,
We could not bear the whole of life;
God has not made our harness strong
For more than one day's watch and strife.

Our daily bread thus give us, Lord,
And teach us not to gather more;
Poor are we in our narrow hoard,
Rich only nourished from Thy store.

Lucy F. Massey.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.



Glorious was that primeval light
Which poured its golden flood
O'er the young earth, when fresh and
bright
In its first bloom it stood.

But, lo! another light, that shines
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,
On man with richer promise beams,
And lovelier scenes draw nigh.

Glad tidings of Immanuel's birth
The angelic heralds bring;
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Goodwill towards men," they sing.

Rise, then, my soul, and greet the morn
Thus sung by hosts of heaven;
For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given.

C. L.



THE WORTH OF HOURS.



THE WORTH OF HOURS.



BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they
go by.

For every man's weak self,
alas!

Makes him to see them, while
they pass,

As through a dim or tinted
glass :

But if in earnest care you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood,

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

Lord Houghton.





“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask 'Thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do.
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate :
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side !
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful, than to serve Thee *much*,
To please Thee perfectly.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.



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MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.



I AM old and blind ;
 Men point at me as smitten by God's
 frown,
 Afflicted and deserted by mankind ;
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
 I murmur not that I no longer see—
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more
 belong,
 Father supreme ! to Thee.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

O merciful One !

When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,

I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;

This darkness is but the shadow of Thy wing :
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand,

Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

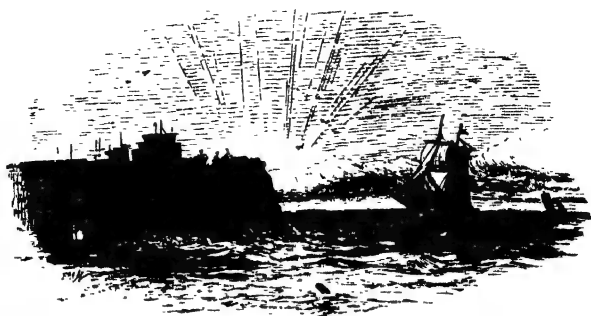
It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh the brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a pure clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

E. Lloyd





TRUST.



COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

Gerhard.

STRENGTH, LOVE, AND REST.



FILL evermore for some great strength
we pray,
Seeking and yearning for it day by day ;
A strength whereon undoubting we may
lean,
And find that rest we have but dimly
seen.

To lean our heart upon another heart,
In love that neither life nor death can
part ;
So seek we still to end our life-long quest,
For only in true love we find true rest

STRENGTH, LOVE, AND REST.

That love which makes another's life our own,
And tunes our jarring natures to one tone ;
The filling up of all we sought so long ;
For leaning on itself no strength is strong.

No love is perfect here, it leads us on
To love's great source—the Uncreated One ;
Most true is that through which we learn to see
Most of Thy strength, and most, O Lord, of Thee ;

Which sees, in all its happiness and bliss,
The promise of a joy more great than this ;
Which seeks its perfectness for evermore
In the love-light that gilds the happy shore.

O strength, O love and rest, the light that steals
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields !
Faint rays we catch e'en now upon our way,
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.

Thou art the Light, the sunshine is from Thee ;
And in Thy heart is strength and purity ;
'There lean our weary hearts, there ends our quest,
For there is perfect love and perfect rest.

L. R.





ABIDE WITH ME.



ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

ABIDE WITH ME.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.





THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.



MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 "Praise God," sang Theocrite :

Then to his poor trade he turned,
 By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell ;

But ever at each period,
 He stopped and sang, " Praise God ;"

Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done !
I doubt not thou art heard, my son ;

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way, and die."

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures always ;
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day, nor night,
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings, and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And from a boy to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue ;

The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay ;

But ever o'er his trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him all one
If on the earth or o'er the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in Mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :

So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from My footstool go.

Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And passed above St. Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

With his holy vestments dight
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

“Vainly I left my angel’s sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

“Thy voice’s praise seemed weak : it dropped—
Creation’s chorus stopped !

“Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ;
Return the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

Robert Browning.

'OUR FEET SHALL STAND WITHIN THY
GATES.'



PEN now Thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers prayer;
Oh, how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.

"OUR FEET SHALL STAND," ETC.

To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown ;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine
Howsoe'er temptations thicken ;
May Thy Word still o'er me shine
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy Word be done indeed ;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed ;
Here of life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

**'THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD
HATH MADE.'**



HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet Summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some enchanted land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

As bursts of glorious sunshine
Across a stormy sea,
Revealing to the sailors
That Port where they would be,—
The calm and peaceful Haven,
The dazzling, golden shore,
The home of saints and angels,
Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy,—

"THIS IS THE DAY," ETC.

When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast !

Oh, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by 'Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
At His dear altar kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted !
So few bright laurels won !

And, with that sorrow mingling
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure,—
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need ;

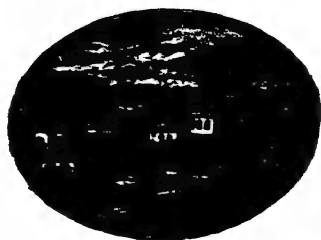
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed !

So be it, Lord, for ever !
Oh, may we evermore
In Jesu's holy presence
His blessed Name adore !
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Sion's golden halls—

So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that Home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past ;
When angel hands have gathered
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer !
Most Holy Trinity !

Ada Cambridge.



THE DAY OF REST.



THE DAY OF REST.



ALLELUJAH! Fairest morning,
Fairer than my words can say,
Down I lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigour from above.

Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon a darkened world
From thy blessed moments roll;
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm my grief away!

Now I taste my Father's goodness,
Falling like the morning dew,
While of pastures ever fairer
I would take a distant view;
Where my Shepherd's flock I see,
Where my dwelling soon shall be!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh ! be silent, earthly turmoil,
I have work more sweet and blest,
And each thought would gather homeward
On this happy day of rest,
Thus with clearer faith to see
All my Lord has done for me.

In the gladness of His worship
I will seek my joy to-day :
It is then I learn the fulness
Of the grace for which I pray ;
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

Let the day's sweet hours be ended
Prayerfully as they 're begun ;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done,
That at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath Day.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.





TO A WATER-FOWL.



HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise or sink
On the chafed ocean side?

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and the illimitable air.—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will guide my steps aright.

Bryant.



THE ALPINE GENTIAN.



HE, 'neath ice mountains vast,
Long had lain sleeping,
When she looked forth at last
Timidly peeping.

Tremblingly she gazed around,—
All round her slept,
O'er the dead icy ground
Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,
Still frozen seas ;
What could her young life do
'Mid such as these ?

Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath;
What hope lay there for her,
Living midst death?

Mournfully pondering,
Gazed she on high;
White clouds were wandering
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
Gentle beams kissed her;
On her the mild moon shone
Like a saint sister.

There, twinkling, many a star
Danced in sweet mirth;
The warm heavens seemed nearer far
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly
Loving on high,
Till she grew heavenly
Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
Near her which grew,
'Thawed in her skyey bells,
Fed her with dew:

IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO THEE AGAIN.

And the tired traveller
Gazing abroad,
Fixing his eyes on her
Thinketh of God,—

Thinks how 'mid life's cold snow,
Hearts to God given
Breathe out where'er they go
Summer and heaven.

Excelsior.

IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO THEE AGAIN.

THY love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life working. A child-kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. Browning.





SPEAK GENTLY.



SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words *mar*
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind!

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be *sure* to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain!

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this world as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one ;
Grieve not the careworn heart :
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

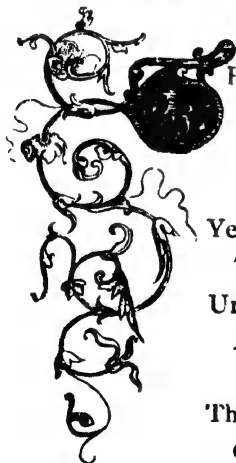
Speak gently to the erring ! know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently ! 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell !



THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING



THINK gently of the erring :

Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring :

Oh ! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet ;

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

Heir of the selfsame heritage,
Child of the selfsame God,
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring :
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough ?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-stained heart to bear,
And those who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring :
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track :
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be ;
Deal gently with the erring, then,
As God has dealt with thee.





JUDGE NOT.



JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see:
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won
field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and
yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token hat below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

JUDGE NOT.

The fall thou dardest to despise—
 Maybe the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
 And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
 With hopeful pity, not disdain:
The depth of the abyss may be
 The measure of the height of pain,
The love and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

A. A. Procter.

THE BETTER WILL.



O have, each day, the thing I wish,
 Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
 Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
 Lord, let Thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, my will is Thine,
 And Thine is mine alone.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Most truly then Thy will is done
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;
'Tis good to see my plan o'erthrown,
My ways in Thine all lost.

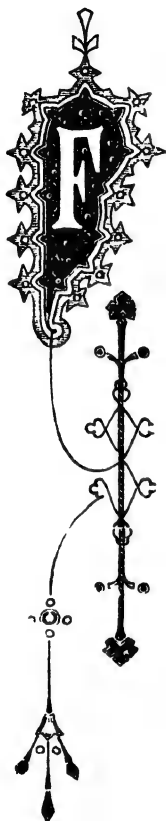
Whate'er Thy purpose be O Lord,
In things or great or small,
Let each minutest part be done
That Thou mayst still be all.

In all the little things of life
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life
To Thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

Rev. H. Bonar.





**"WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE
BEAUTY OF HOLINESS." -**

ULI. rings in every heart and ear
The Sabbath matin-chime,
The while eternity draws near
Adown the isles of time.
The while, with hands upraised to bless,
She veils in smiles her awfulness.

The day is come, an angel's psalm
With music fills the air,
And tells of peace and breathes of balm
And draws our hearts to prayer;
While Nature's glory lends us wings
For pure and high imaginings.

Sweet day of worship, day of rest,
Heaven's impress on our life,—
May weary heart and brain oppressed
Now cease from care and strife;
And in communion still and sweet
Sit slowly at the Master's feet.

It comes long looked for, weary eyes
Have pined its light to see,
Have waited till the morning rise
As prisoners to be free.
For thus, by sign and shadow known,
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

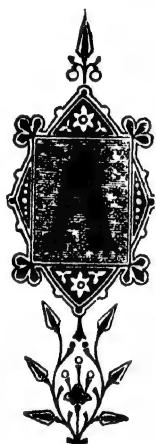
We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
The streets of shining gold ;
Until, without, we yet begin
The thankful song they chant within.

Bright Eastern glow, it lasteth long,
Fair shines the noontide light,
Yet surely comes the even-song
And solemn hush of night,
When anthem sweet, and chanted stave,
Must die from roof and architrave.

Yet may the blessing of the time
Hold every heart in peace ;
Echoes of the eternal chime
Linger when songs must cease ;
May God who dwelleth everywhere
Make all the world our house of prayer.

Till we abide where perfectly
God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
And all our power be praise.
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
To set no more in eventide.

Lucy F. Massey.




THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

LITTLE brook went singing,
All through the summer hours,
Ever a low soft murmur
It whispered to the flowers.
The bulrush and the sedge-grass
Its leafy border made,
And the low bending willow
Gave cold and quiet shade.



The young birds loved its shelter,
And listened to its song,
They tried to learn its cadence,
As it carolled it along.
What was the brooklet singing,
What did its murmur say,
Its dreamy tones of music
Through all the summer-day?


CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



A child came to its margin,
It sang its song to her :
“Fair child,” it said, “I’m joyous
As spring-time’s flowerets are.
For life is glad and sunny,
And who so gay as I ?
For flowerets kiss me as I pass
Beneath the glowing sky.”

A maiden watched the brooklet,
To her its low voice said,
“Calm thy life has always been
In this fair meadow led ;
If clouds have dimmed the brightness,
They quickly passed away,
And when I’ve reached the river,
I shall be always gay.”

Long years had changed the maiden,
When there she stood again ;
Youth’s glee had left her spirit,
Her eyes were dim with pain.
Was it the song her childhood
Or that her girlhood knew,
That reached her world-worn spirit.
Watching its waters blue ?

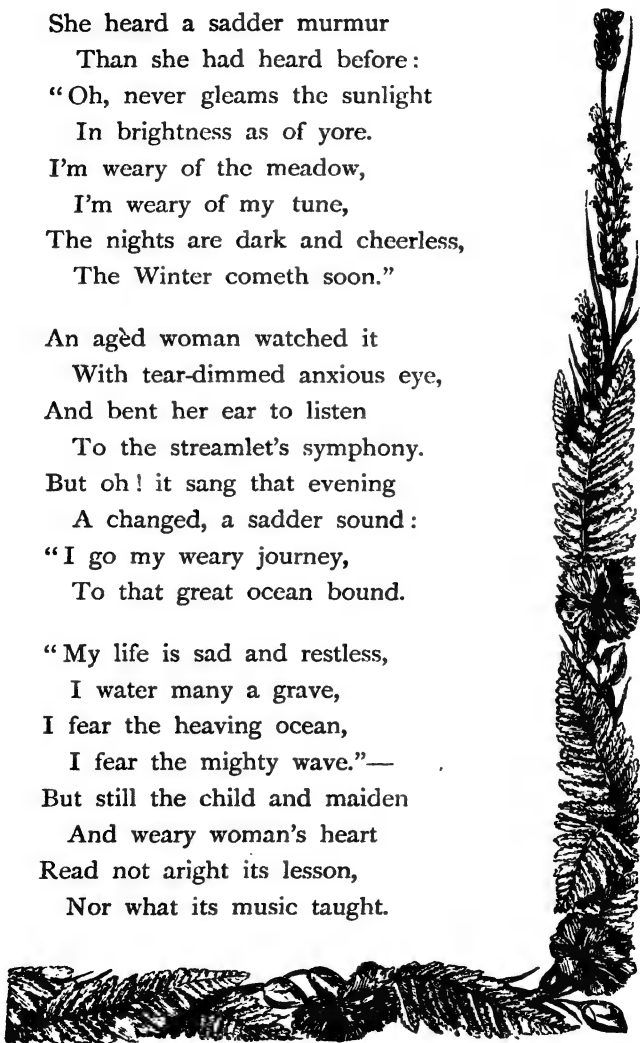


THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

She heard a sadder murmur
Than she had heard before :
"Oh, never gleams the sunlight
In brightness as of yore.
I'm weary of the meadow,
I'm weary of my tune,
The nights are dark and cheerless,
The Winter cometh soon."

An aged woman watched it
With tear-dimmed anxious eye,
And bent her ear to listen
To the streamlet's symphony.
But oh ! it sang that evening
A changed, a sadder sound :
"I go my weary journey,
To that great ocean bound.

"My life is sad and restless,
I water many a grave,
I fear the heaving ocean,
I fear the mighty wave."—
But still the child and maiden
And weary woman's heart
Read not aright its lesson,
Nor what its music taught.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Their own hearts beat too loudly
The stream's low tones to hear,
Their spirits' voices heard they,
And not its music clear.
I'll tell you what it murmured,
What were the words it sung,
As bluebells kissed its waters,
And sedge-grass o'er it hung.

It said, "My life is humble,
But very tranquil too ;
I gaze for ever upwards
On that deep sky of blue.
After the cloudlets gather,
The sunshine seems more bright ;
I know the morning cometh,
Though dark may be the night.

"Sometimes the flowerets wither,—
I make them fresh again ;
I bathe the thirsty willows
When falls no gentle rain
The work my Maker gives me
It makes me glad to do,
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing in the dew.

THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

"The ocean I am nearing
Is beautiful and fair :
He leads me through the meadow,
He'll make me happy there.
And anywhere and everywhere,
So that I do his will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still."

L. .



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

OMNIPRESENCE.



FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy
love

Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
Thee.

Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Bowring.



THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The low vale now dividing,
Whither away?"

"With pilgrim course I flow ;
Or in summer's searching glow,
Or in moonless waste of snow
Nor stop, nor stay :

"For oh, by high behest,
To a home of glorious rest,
In my parent ocean's breast,
I haste away."

"Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass,
Yet, yet, delay !"

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on, my course must keep,
I may not stay.

“For oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest,
In the bright sea’s boundless breast,
I haste away.”

“The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!”

“I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
Sweetly they charm the hours
On my winding way.

“But ceaseless still in quest
Of that eternal rest
In my parent’s boundless breast,
I haste away.”

“Knowest thou the drear abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Oh! rather cling to this:
Sweet brooklet, stay!”

THE BROOKLET.

“Oh! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay!

“But I know 'tis my parent's breast;
There held, I must needs be blest;
And with joy to my promised rest
I haste away!”

Sir R. Grant.





A MORNING PRAYER.



HE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,
And what dark night had hid from every eye
All piercing daylight summons clear to view ;
And all the forest, vale, or plain, or hill,
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart and bring me joy and light,
Sun of my darken'd soul, dispel its night,
And shed in it the truthful day abroad ;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart that fain would learn to wear
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,
So let me ever think, and speak, and move,
 As fits a soul new-touched with life from heaven.
That seeks but so to order all her course,
As most to show the glory of that source
 By whom alone her strength, her life are given.

I ask not, Take away this weight of care ;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,
 And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart, most rich in love,
 And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still ;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will ;
 I ask but for a quiet, childlike heart ;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,
 Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

I ask Thee not to finish soon the strife,
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life ;
 No, be my peace amid its grief and pain.
I pray not grant me *now* Thy realm on high ;
No, ere I die let me to evil die,
 And through Thy cross my sins be wholly slain.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,
Be Thou my light when all around is gloom ;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see, when life is fled,
The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

Lyra Germanica.



ADVENT HYMN.



WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
Be never past ?
O watchman, doth the tarrying day
begin
To dawn upon thy straining sight at
last ?
Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I
dwell ?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
With the fresh morn ;

ADVENT HYMN.

But all my heart is cold, and dark, and sad ;
Sun of the soul, let me behold Thy dawn !

Come, Jesus, Lord !

Oh, quickly come, according to Thy word !

Do we not live in those blest days

So long foretold,

When Thou shouldst come to bring us light and grace ?
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,

Pining to see

Thy glory ; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou camest for the light

Of all men here ;

And still in me is nought but blackest night.
Yet am I Thine : oh, hasten to appear,

Shine forth and bless

My soul with vision of Thy righteousness !

If thus in darkness ever left,

Can I fulfil

The works of light, while yet of light bereft ?
Or how discern in love and meekness still

To follow Thee,

And all the sinful works of darkness flee ?

The light of reason cannot give

Life to my soul ;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of His can make my spirit whole.
 Arise, and shine,
O Jesus, on this longing heart of mine !

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
 The eye must be
 To which Thy glory shall an entrance find;
For if Thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,
 No earthly screen
Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jesus, do Thou mine eyes unseal,
 And let them grow
 Quick to discern whate'er Thou dost reveal,
So shall I be delivered from that woe,
 Blindly to stray
Through hopeless night, while all around is day.

Lyra Germanica.





THE SECOND DAY.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament."



world I deem
 But a beautiful dream
 Of shadows that are not what they seem,
 Where visions arise,
 Giving dim surmise
 Of the sights that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !
 Creating Word !
 Whose glory the silent skies record,
 Where stands Thy name



In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high shadowing frame !

I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed ;
And stored the dew
In its depths of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem
The world will seem
When we waken from life's uncertain dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell
In this wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof
At the tissued roof
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

THE SECOND DAY.

As a tapestried tent,
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament,
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of this marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

And soon the whole,
As a parchèd scroll,
Shall to my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The presence in which I have ever been.

Oh ! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye can gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-gilded throne of the Ancient of Days?

Christ us aid !
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed

Whytehead.



THE SHEPHERDS.



HERE the lambs sleep, there shep-
herds watch around ;
Where shepherds pray, there angels
fill the plain ;
Where angels sing, heaven comes
to earth again ;
Where Jesus is, there heaven below
is found.

The shepherds watch beneath the
solemn sky,

Looking above, till terror dims their view :

“ These blessèd songs, come they, O stars, from you,
Or can a sinner’s harp be tuned so high ? ”

On earth appeared a shining angel host,
And thus their heavenly message, wondering, told :

“ To you the Saviour Christ is born to-day ! ”

Forsaking all, the watchers sped away
To seek their Shepherd, and to join His fold,—
Sure this glad night no little lamb is lost !

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.




THE STAR IN THE EAST.



S the sages from afar
Did behold the guiding star,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Jesu, to Thy lowly bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.



Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earth shall be no more,
Bring us to the heavenly shore,
Where we need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In that heavenly country bright
Need they no created light :
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

“GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”



H ! let us all be glad to-day,
And with the shepherds homage pay ;
Come, see what God to us hath given,
His only Son, sent down from heaven.

Awake, my soul ! from sadness rise,
Come, see what in the manger lies :
Who is this smiling infant Child ?—
'T is little Jesus meek and mild.

"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!"

Twice welcome, O Thou heavenly Guest!
To save a world with sin distressed;
Com'st Thou in lowly guise for me?
What homage shall I give to Thee?

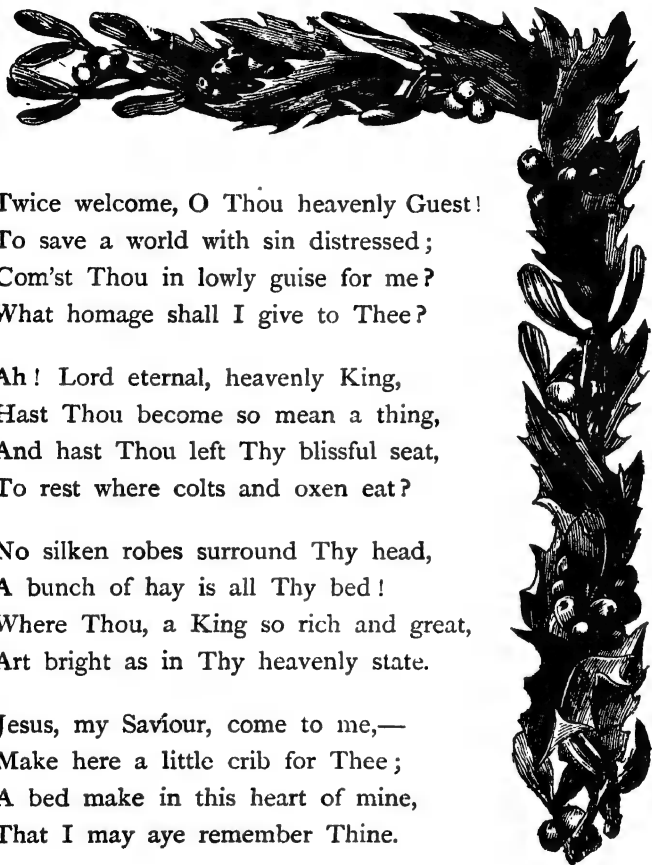
Ah! Lord eternal, heavenly King,
Hast Thou become so mean a thing,
And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat,
To rest where colts and oxen eat?

No silken robes surround Thy head,
A bunch of hay is all Thy bed!
Where Thou, a King so rich and great,
Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

Jesus, my Saviour, come to me,—
Make here a little crib for Thee;
A bed make in this heart of mine,
That I may aye remember Thine.

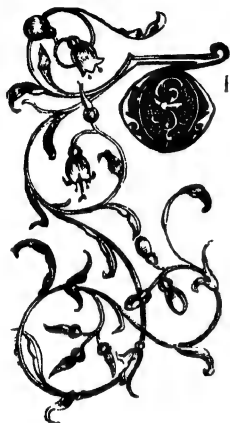
Then from my soul glad songs shall ring—
Of Thee each day I'll gladly sing;
Then glad hosannas will I raise
From heart that loves to sing Thy praise.

Translated from the German, by J. Hunt.





NEW YEAR.



HANK God that toward eternity
Another step is won !
Oh, longing turns my heart to Thee
As time flows slowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence those rich streams of joy are
drawn
That through my being run !

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When, at Thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,
And deathless life be mine.

So glows Thy love within this frame,
That, touched with keenest fire,
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth to be
Still pressing closer, nigher !

Oh that I soon might Thee behold !
I count the moments o'er ;
Ah ! come, ere yet my heart grows cold,
And cannot call Thee more !
Come in Thy glory, for Thy bride
Hath girt her for the holy-tide,
And waiteth at the door.

And since Thy Spirit sheds abroad
The oil of grace in me,
And Thou art inly near me, Lord,
And I am lost in Thee,
So shines in me the Living Light,
And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,
To greet Thee joyously.

Come ! is the voice then of Thy bride ;
She loudly prays Thee, come !
With faithful heart she long hath cried,
Come quickly, Jesus, come !
Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God,
Thou knowest I am Thine, dear Lord,
Come down and take me home.

Yet be the hour that none can tell
Left wholly to Thy choice ;
Although I know Thou lov'st it well,
That I with heart and voice



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Should bid Thee come, and from this day
Care but to meet Thee on Thy way,
And at Thy sight rejoice.

I joy that from Thy love divine
No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call Thee mine ;
My Friend, my Lord, avow
That I, O Prince of Life, shall be
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee ;
My portion, Lord, art Thou.

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one more year is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won ;
And with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder distant golden gate
I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way
To sinking faith, oh, quickly speak,
And make Thine arm my stay ;
That so my heart drink in new strength,
And I speed on, nor feel the length
Nor steepness of the way.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,
Let nought thy terror move ;
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith
E'er tempt thy steps to rove :
If slow Thy course seem o'er the waste,
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste,
On wings of tireless love.

O Jesus, all my soul hath flown
Already up to Thee,
For Thou, in whom is love alone,
Hast wholly conquered me.
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,
Eternity is round me here,
Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

Lyra Germanica. Second Series.

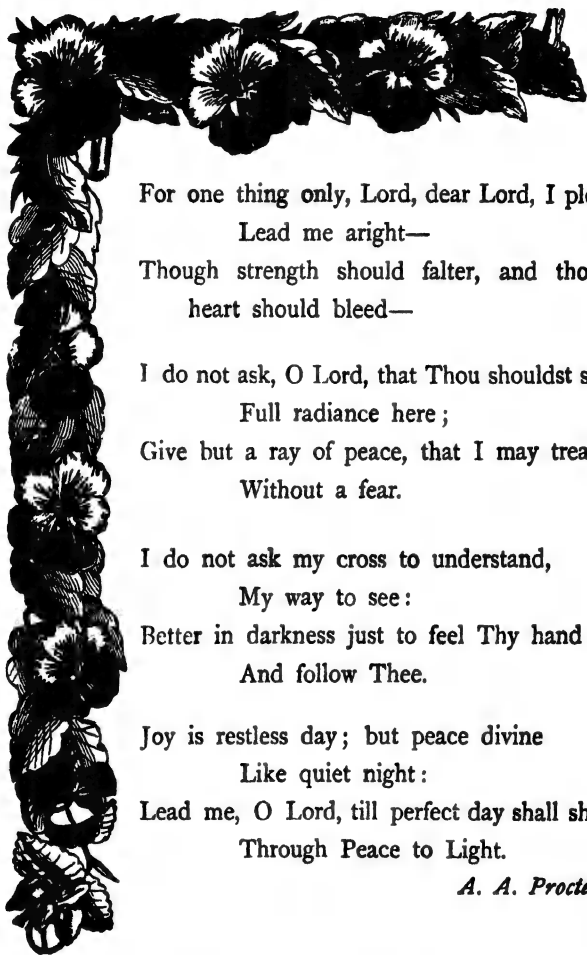


THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.



DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.



For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed—

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see :
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

A. A. Procter.



TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW.



IS late at night, and in the realm of
sleep
My little lambs are folded like the
flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful
clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards
that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and
steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of to-morrow creep.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me, "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

Longfellow.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



RESIGNATION.

HERE is no flock however watched
and tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-
fended,

But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the
dying,

And mournings for the dead ;

The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,

Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! these severe
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;

Amid these earthly damps,

What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers,

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath

RESIGNATION.

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.



OUT OF SIGHT.



W^{HAT} though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmereth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What though our prayers from death
The queen rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

What though the dark tree smile
No more with our dove's calm sleep !
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat ;
But purer now in heavenly snow
She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star untimely set !
Why should we weep for thee ?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea.

John Wilson.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.



THOU blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my leart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Bryant.





A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

A. A. E. C.

Born July, 1848. Died November, 1849.



Of English blood, of Tuscan birth,
 What country should we give her?
 Instead of any on the earth,
 The civic heavens receive her.

And here, among the English tombs,
 In Tuscan ground we lay her,
 While the blue Tuscan sky endomes
 Our English words of prayer.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

A little child ! how long she lived
By months, not years, is reckoned :
Born in one July, she survived
Alone to see a second.

Bright-featured, as the July sun
Her little face still played in,
And splendours, with her birth begun,
Had had no time for fading.

So LILY, from those July hours,
No wonder we should call her ;
She looked such kinship to the flowers,
Was but a little taller.

A Tuscan lily, only white,
As Dante, in abhorrence
Of red corruption, wished aright
The lilies of his Florence.

We could not wish her whiter, her
Who perfumed with pure blossom
The house ! a lovely thing to wear
Upon a mother's bosom !

This July creature thought perhaps
Our speech not worth assuming ;
She sat upon her parents' laps,
And mimicked the gnat's humming ;

A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

Said, "Father," "Mother"—then left off,
For tongues celestial fitter.
Her hair had grown just long enough
To catch heaven's jasper-glitter.

Babes! Love could always hear and see
Behind the cloud that hid them,
"Let little children come to Me,
And do not thou forbid them."

So, unforbidding, have we met,
And gently here have laid her,
Though winter is no time to get
The flowers that should o'erspread her.

We should bring pansies quick with Spring,
Rose, violet, daffodilly,
And also, above everything,
White lilies for our Lily.

Nay, more than flowers this grave exacts,
Glad, graceful attestations
Of her sweet eyes and pretty acts,
With calm renunciations.

Her very mother with light feet
Should leave the place too earthy,
Saying, "The angels have thee, Sweet,
Because we were not worthy!"

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

But winter kills the orange-buds,
The gardens in the frost are,
And all the heart dissolves in floods,
Remembering we have lost her.

Poor earth, poor heart,—too weak, too weak,
To miss the July shining:
Poor heart! what bitter words we speak
When God speaks of resigning!

Sustain this heart in us that faints,
Thou God, the self-existent!
We catch up wild at parting saints,
And feel Thy heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin
Has ruffled all our vesture,
On the shut door that let them in
We beat with frantic gesture.

To us, us also,—open straight!
The outer life is chilly:
Are *we* too, like the earth, to wait
Till next year for our Lily?

But God gives patience, love learns strength,
And faith remembers promise,
And hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone from us.

A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

Love, strong as death, shall conquer Death;
Through struggle made more glorious,
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts,
With spirit unbereaven,—
“God will not all take back His gifts;
My Lily’s mine in heaven!

“Still mine! maternal rights serene
Not given to another!
The crystal bars shine faint between
The souls of child and mother.

“Meanwhile,” the mother cries, “content
Our love was well divided:
Its sweetness following where she went,
Its anguish stayed where I did.

“Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness;
To us, the empty room and cot,—
To her, the heaven’s completeness.

“To us, this grave—to her, the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To us, the silence in the house,—
To her, the choral singing.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“For her, to gladden in God’s view,—
For us to hope and bear on!—
Grow, Lily, in thy garden new,
Beside the Rose of Sharon.

“Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily clipped,
In love more calm than this is,—
And may the angels, dewy-lipped,
Remind thee of our kisses ;

“While none shall tell thee of our tears,
These human tears now falling,
Till after a few patient years,
One home shall take us all in.

“Child, father, mother,—who left out?
Not father, and not mother ;
And when, our dying couch about,
The natural mists shall gather,

“Some smiling angel close shall stand
In old Correggio’s fashion,
And bear a Lily in his hand,
For death’s annunciation.”

E. B. Browning.



"HOW OLD ART THOU?"

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"



COUNT not the days that have
idly flown,
The years that were vainly
spent ;
Nor speak of the hours thou
must blush to own
When thy spirit stands before the
throne
To account for the talents
lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for heaven ;
Oh ! few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life a toilsome but worthless scene,
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate ?
Will thy sun stand still on his way ?
Both hasten on ; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the point of life's little date :
Then live while 't is called to-day.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Life's waning hours, like the Sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise :
Oh, rouse thee and live ! nor deem man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.



COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.



COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint ;
Worlds are to Him no load.
To Him breathe thy complaint :
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

Thou must in Him be blest
Ere bliss can be secure ;
On His work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought ;
He giveth all to prayer.

Father ! Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Secs what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child
And what Thy wise foreseeing
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor suff'rest them to lose.

All means always possessing,
Invincible in might !
Thy doings are all blessing,
Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending,
Dost undertake their cause.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



Hope then, though woes be doubled,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
In His own blessed noon.

Up, up ! the day is breaking ;
Say to thy cares, good night !
Thy troubles from thee shaking
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course canst tell ;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

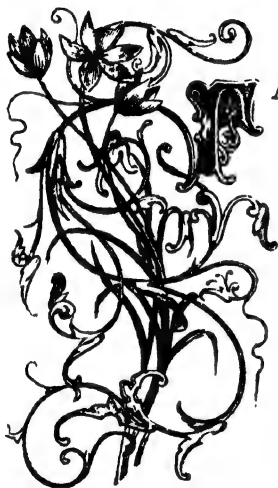
Trust Him to govern, then !
No king can rule like Him.
How wilt thou wonder, when
Thine eyes no more are dim,
To see those paths which vex thee
How wise they were and meet ;
The works which now perplex thee,
How beautiful complete !

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

Faithful the love thou sharest,
All, all is well with thee!
The crown from hence thou bearest
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palms;
To Him who chased thy sorrow
How glad will be thy psalms!

Paul Gerhardt.





RESIGNATION.

ATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

“Give me a calm, a thankful
heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace
impart,
And make me live to Thee.

“Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end !”

Steele.



HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.



I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie ;
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high :
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well ;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this anguish fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost—
Can I but turn to Thee ;
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

If thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee ;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow ;
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now !

Anne Brontë.

THE PROMISED ONE.

(From "David playing before Saul.")



EE ! the dull dense clouds are breaking
Slowly, slowly into light away,
And my mental sense is waking,
Dazzled by a brighter ray
Than e'er, the east with glory streaking,
Glanced from the opening eyes of day.

Is it come?—that glimpse of heaven
For which my soul so long hath striven,
Diving for lore obscure and high
In the darkling depths of prophecy?
Avaunt thee, fiend !—the woman's Seed shall tread
On the fierce terrors of the Serpent's head.

THE PROMISED ONE.

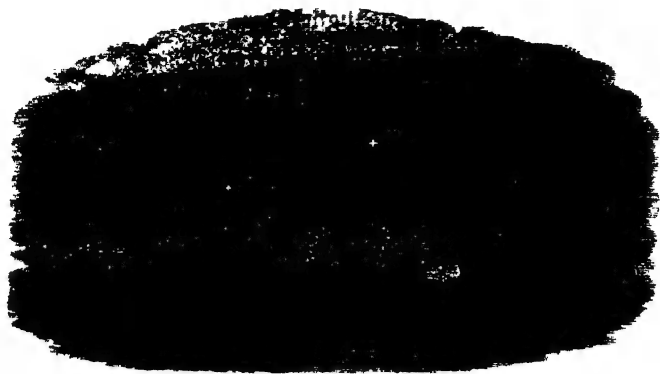
I know Him by the light He giveth ;
I know that my Redeemer liveth :
He shall stand upon the earth,
Godlike in His mortal birth ;
In Him the sons of sorrow shall find rest
And all the nations of the world be blest.

Yes, I know Him from afar,—
Israel's Sceptre, Jacob's Star ;
For, like him on Zophim's brow,
Him of the gifted eye,
I shall see Him, but not now,
Behold Him, but not nigh.

Be it so ! on other eyes
Let the Promised One arise,
While mine own are curtained deep
In their last and soundest sleep :
Enough for me, what Hope sublime
Can to her humble child allow ;
Enough ! anticipating time,
She feels Him and adores Him now.

Hankinson.





LOVE TO GOD.



WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless
gifts

On ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth
Rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty with his light.

Because Thou roll'st the orbs of light
Through trackless fields of space,
And giv'st to each low creeping flower
Its fragrance and its grace:
Because in sunshine and in storm
Alike we see Thee near;

LOVE TO GOD.

In summer gale and rushing wind,
Alike Thy voice we hear;

'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above :
For these, Thy gifts, we praise Thee, Lord;
Yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not ;—

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
 That we might live above ;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gavest hopes of heaven :
Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

I. A. E.



TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.



TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.



AS the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck or tightly bound ;

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled.

The Voice of Christian Life in Song.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“Peace on the earth—good will to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
'The love-song which they bring,—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold !
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

"LORD, THAT I MIGHT RECEIVE MY SIGHT."



LORD! we sit and cry to Thee,

Like the blind beside the way :
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of Thy perfect day!
Lord, rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run,
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God.

Milman.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

THE baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

Hinds.



ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.



ROBIN, to the bare bough clinging,
What can thy blithe music mean?
Like a hidden fount, thy singing
Seems to clothe the trees with green.

What warm nest for thee hath Nature
Where thy soft red breast to lay?
Sing'st thou, little homeless creature,
For the crumbs we strewed to-day?

Other birds have fled this dun light,
Soaring on to regions fair,
Singing in the richest sunlight,
Singing in the starlit air;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Hiding 'mid the broad-leaved shadows
Of the southern woods at noon,
Filling all the flower-starred meadows
With the melodies of June.

Knowest thou the woods have voices,
Poet voices, full and clear ;
Strains at which the heart rejoices,
Feeling the unspoken near ;

Pouring music like a river,
Many toned and deep and strong,
Tones, 'midst which, like childhood's, quiver
Thy few notes of simple song ?

Then the "crimson-tippèd" thing,
Like a daisy among birds,
With a quiet glee, did sing
Strains condensed thus in words :

" Well I know the joyous mazes
Of the songs so full and fine ;—
Very faint would be God's praises,
Sounded by no voice but mine !

" Yet the little child's sweet laughter,
Wakes it no responsive smile,
Though the poet singeth after,
And the angels all the while ?

ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.

“What I sing I cannot measure,
Why I sing I cannot say,
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day.”

So I learned that crumbs are able
Lowly hearts to fill with song—
Crumbs from off that festal table
Lowly hearts will join ere long.

He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snows gives snowdrops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust;
Nothing that but creeps can sing;
Soaring, we can sing and trust.

Excelsior.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

MAKE THY FACE TO SHINE UPON THY
SERVANT."



CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and checrless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beam I see:
Till they inward life impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Toplady.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.



HOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to
Thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
In Thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the view-
less One;
Nor may Thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's only Son!

Our eyes behold 'Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where Thou art, there may they also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,

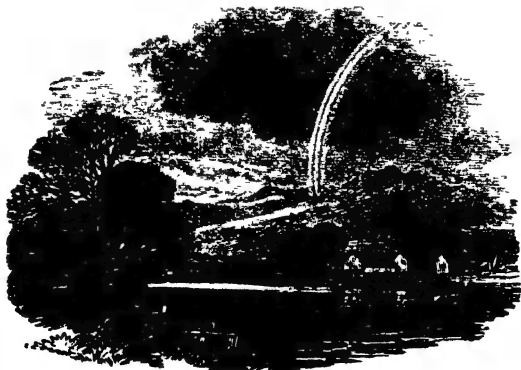
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife !
Was not Thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Christian Examiner.





“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”



O when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be:

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.

Jane C. Simpson.



LET US PRAY.

LET US PRAY.



ORD, what a change within us one short
hour

Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!

What burdens lighten, what temptations
slake,

What parchèd grounds refresh as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to
lower;

We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and
clear:

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power!

Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong—

Or others—that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,

That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

Archbishop Trench.

JUST AS I AM.



JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY PRESENCE."

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Elliott.



**"CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY
PRESENCE."**



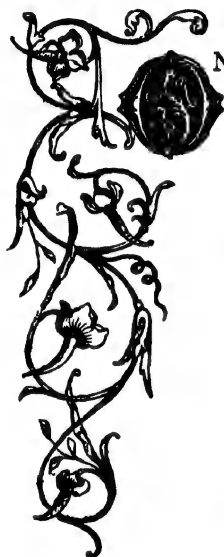
FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray :
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Heber.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

NEARER HOME.



NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my feet
Come to that dark abysm ·
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

NEARER HOME.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death ;

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Carey.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.



ALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep
trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in
death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy sweet smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.

Hemans.





"WHO SHALL ASCEND TO
THE HOLY PLACE?"

HO shall ascend to the holy
place,

And stand on the holy hill ;
Who shall the boundless realms
of space

With shouts of rapture thrill ?
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
For the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth !

The servants of the Lord are
they

The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give
way,

The eternal gates expand !
Hallelujah ! &c.

Not to the noble, not to the
strong,

To the wealthy or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-
song,

The music of the skies ;
Hallelujah ! &c.

But those who, in humble and
holy fear,

With childlike faith and love
Have served the Lord as their
Master here,

Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah ! &c.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven, Hallelujah ! &c.
Shall stand in robes of purest white ;
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise. Hallelujah ! &c.

Hankinson.



HEAVEN.

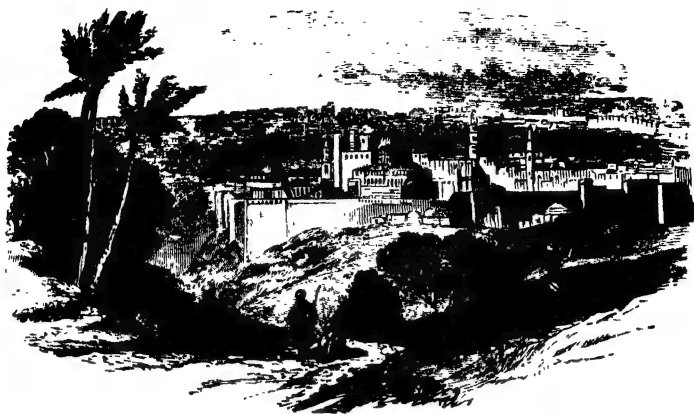
H, talk to me of heaven ! I love,
To hear about my home above,
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable :
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing ;
While every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously.
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth,
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth.

O happy, happy country, where
There enters not a sin,
And death, who keeps the portals fair,
May never once come in ;

HEAVEN.

No grief can change their day to night,
The darkness of that land is light,
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
 Bedim their burning eyes ;
For every one they shed while here,
 In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

O lovely, blooming country ! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair.
For though no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
 Nor perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found.
 The archetypes of these.
This is the home, the land of birth
Of all we highest prize on earth ;
The storms that rack this world beneath
 Shall there for ever cease,
The only air the blessed breathe
 Is purity and peace.
Oh, may heaven's gate uncloset to me !
Oh, may I too its glories see,
And my faint, fighting spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land !



THE CITY OF OUR GOD.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint when such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage ?

THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on;
Makes them kings and priests to God :
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings ;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Newton.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.



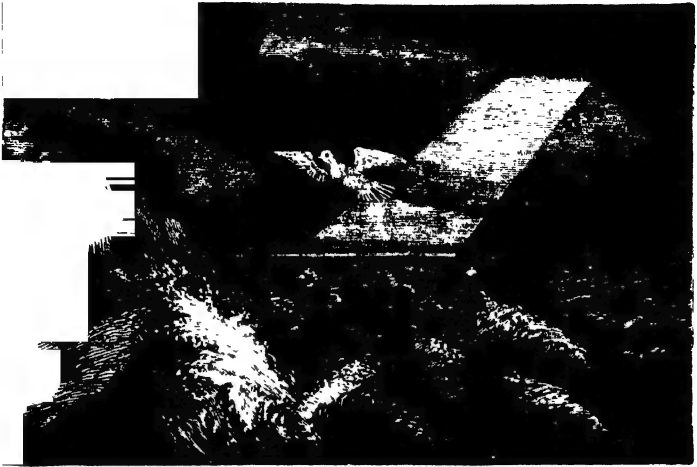
BEHAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which Thy mercy came.

While all Thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King,—

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

Doddridge.



AT HOME IN HEAVEN.



OR ever with the Lord!"

Amen; so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul, how near

At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,

Thy golden gates appear!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervenc,
And all my prospect flies!
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remembered or forgot),
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in His sight
Who looks all nature through.

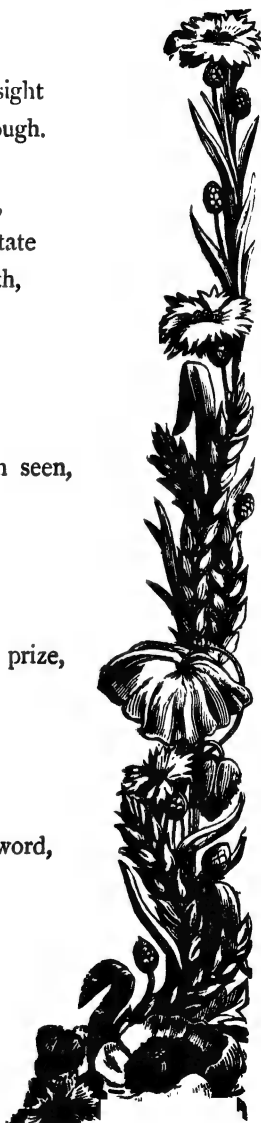
From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand
Fight, and I must prevail.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the selfsame word,
And Heaven's voice thunder through the
tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound ;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"



"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE."

That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

Montgomery.



"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE."



WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Well, He has fixed the happy day
When the last tears will wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe those tears away,
And fill us with divine surprise
To hear His voice and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace.

This is the heaven I long to know;
For this with patience I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

Swain.



"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."



WE seek that land whose light e'en now,
Though dim and far, is all our gladness ;
Whose hope in storms is God's own bow ;
Whose peace, the rest from care and woe ;
Whose love, our joy in sadness.

There day and night Thy happy saints
In ceaseless work find rest unending,
Where in Thy strength theirs never faints,
Where tears are dried, and hushed complaints,
All in one worship bending.

The service here we strive to pay,
By weakness marred, by darkness clouded ;
Strong in Thy strength, bright with Thy day,
We there shall offer perfectly,
In light and love enshrouded.

Our hearts, whose love has taught them this,
Their wants to feel their own unmeetness,
Shall learn, in that ne'er-ending bliss,
To rise towards Thine own perfectness,
Thine infinite completeness.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The songs, here drownèd in the moan
Of earth's unrest, which ceaseth never,
Shall rise in strains of joy unknown,
To Him who sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb for ever.

And for our feet, to earth which cling,
Feeble and slow, too oft unwilling,
Thou there shalt give an angel's wing
To serve, as angels do, our King,
Thy high behests fulfilling.

So let us strive with earnest soul,
Thy work to do, though small the measure,
Knowing it part of one great whole,
All tending to our highest goal,
Thy perfect will and pleasure.

L. R.





HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY
HIS HEAD.



BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flock the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once made His gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn ;—

Oh ! why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head !

THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin !
Oh, come and take Thy rest
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

J. S. Monsell.



THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

FATHER, I bring this worthless child
to Thee,
To claim Thy pardon, once, yet once
again.
Receive him at my hand, for he is
mine.
He is a worthless child ; he owns his
fault :
Look not on him, he will not bear the
glance ;
Look but on me, I'll hide his filthy
garments.

He pleads not for himself, he dares not plead :
His cause is mine, I am his Intercessor.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

By that unchanged, unchanging love of Thine,
By each pure drop of blood I shed for him,
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,
By every wound I bear, I claim it true,
Father Divine ! I would not have him lost ;
He is a worthless child, but he is mine !
Sin hath destroyed him—sin hath died in me ;
Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave ;
Death hath desired him—I have conquered Death.
My Father, hear him now,—not him, but me !
I would not have him lost for all the worlds
Which Thou hast long created for my glory,
Because he is a poor, a worthless child,
And all his every hope on me it lies.
I know my children, and I know him mine
By all the sighs he pours o'er outcast Israel,
By all the prayers he breathes o'er Judah's sins ;
I know him by the sign my children bear,
That trusting love by which he cleaves to me.
I could not bear to see him cast away,
Vile as he is !—the weakest of my flock,
The one that grieves me most and loves me least.
Yes ! though his sins dim every spark of love,
I measure not my love by his returns ;
And though the stripes I send to bring him home
Should seem to drive him farther from my arms,
Still he is mine ! I lured him from the world :
He has no right, no home, but in my love.
Though earth and hell combined against him rise,

THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

I'm bound to rescue him, for we are one.—
Oh, sinner, what an Advocate is thine !
Methinks I see Hⁱm lead the captive in,
Poor, sorrowful, ashamed, trembling with fear,
Shrinking behind his Lord, accused, condemned,
Well pleased to hide the form himself abhors
With that all-spotless garment of his Friend.
But look ! some secret impulse lifts his eye,
To see if love be mingled now with wrath,
If mercy beams upon the Father's face.
Poor sinner ! read thy welcome in that smile,
And hear the Father's word to Him for thee :
"Take thy poor worthless child ! I have forgiven."

E. Birrell.





“AS MANY AS TOUCHED WERE MADE
PERFECTLY WHOLE.”



SAVIOUR divine, we bend before Thee
lowly,
Sadly we bring into Thy presence holy
Our hearts, so sin-oppressed;
Touching the border of Thy garment
pure,
Whose touch all sorrow and all sin can
cure,
We ask Thee for Thy rest.

And in stooping, higher shall we reach
Than e'en the highest point our hearts can teach,

"AS MANY AS TOUCHED," ETC.

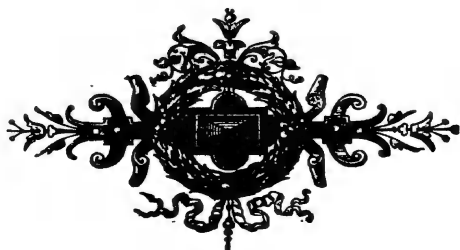
Even, dear Lord, to Thee,
Whose lowliness hath raised us to such height,
That we may dare to touch Thy garment white,
Of matchless purity.

'Thy gentleness, O Christ, hath made us great,
Thy uncrowned majesty our lost estate

Redeemed by bitter woe;
And though our trembling fingers feebly hold,
Yea, scarcely touch Thy holy garment's fold,
Thou wilt not let us go.

Thy love, the source of ours, shall still abide,
Shall draw us, wandering, closer to Thy side,
And make us wholly pure;
Led ever higher by its light divine,
Wrapped in its heavenly beauty shall we shine,
In love and rest secure.

L. R.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

O FAIR! O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.



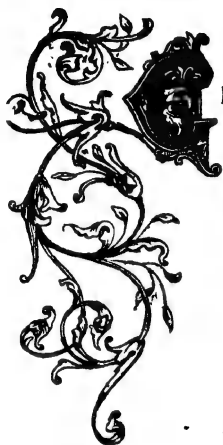
FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;
And should the foes of virtue dare
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly.
Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

T. Moore.

"RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME."

**'RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN
ME."**



GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell within me,
I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,

And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be ;
Quiet as the growing blade
That through earth its way has made,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be ;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail ;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

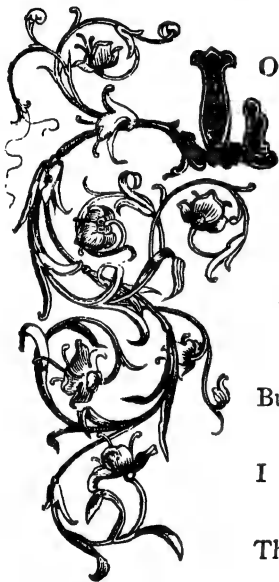
Lynch.



"LOVEST THOU ME?"



"LOVEST THOU ME?"



LOVEST thou Me?" I hear my
Saviour say :

Would that my heart had power
to answer "Yea,

Thou knowest all things, Lord, in
heaven above

And earth beneath ; Thou knowest
that I love."

But 't is not so ; in word, in deed,
in thought,

I do not, cannot love Thee as I
ought ;

Thy love must give that power, Thy
love alone ;

There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own !

Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,

Reflected on Thyself, I would love Thee.

J. Montgomery.

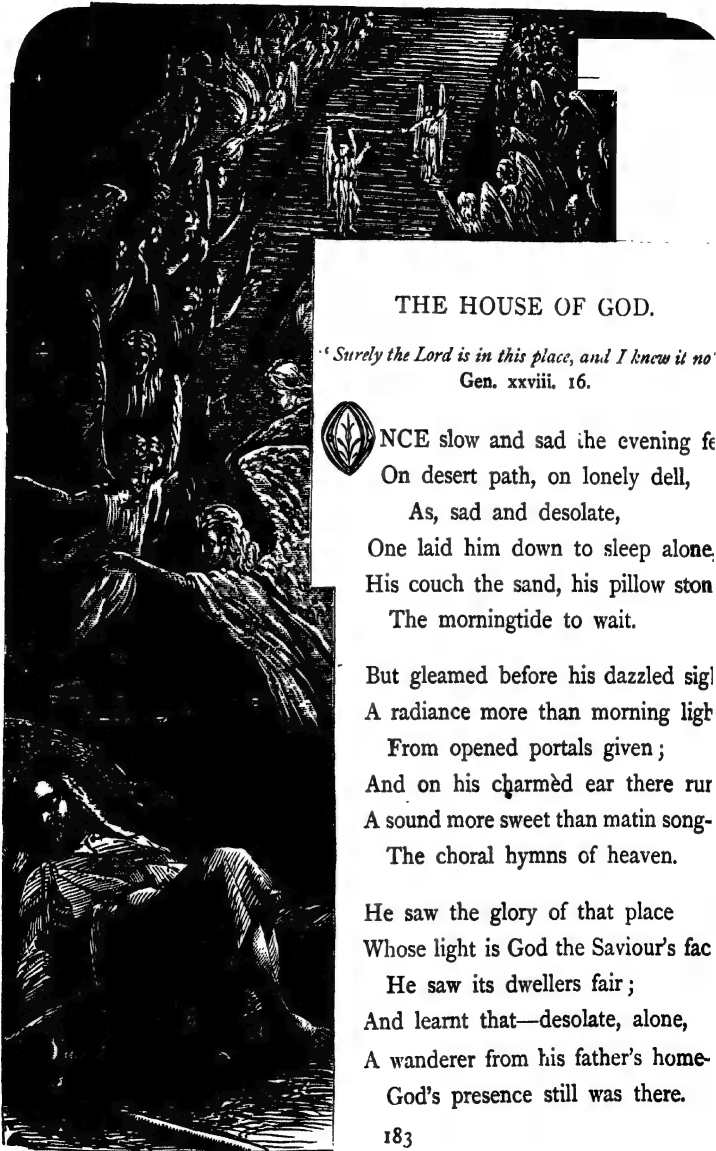
"HIDE ME UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY
WINGS."



FILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;
Show forth in me Thy saving power :
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me
thence.

In suffering be Thy love my peace !
In weakness be Thy love my power !
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.





THE HOUSE OF GOD.

'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not'
Gen. xxviii. 16.



NCE slow and sad the evening fell
On desert path, on lonely dell,
As, sad and desolate,
One laid him down to sleep alone,
His couch the sand, his pillow stone,
The morningtide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight
A radiance more than morning light
From opened portals given ;
And on his charmed ear there rung
A sound more sweet than matin song—
The choral hymns of heaven.

He saw the glory of that place
Whose light is God the Saviour's face
He saw its dwellers fair ;
And learnt that—desolate, alone,
A wanderer from his father's home—
God's presence still was there.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

So we (though often worn, opprest,
We wander, seeking home and rest),
In sorrow's darkest hour,
May see, as Jacob saw of old,
God's sunbeams, bright and manifold,
The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,
Stands now God's house below ;
But wheresoe'er His radiance bright
Gleams on our darkness and 't is light,
His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His glory fair
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer,
One anteroom of heaven ;
For surely, though we know it not,
God's presence is in every spot,
To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work and wait,
As those who see that open gate,
That glory in our night ;
So that at last, through Christ the Way,
We too may tread that land of day,
Where God, the Lord, is light.

L. R.



PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXXIV.



PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints ;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High !

Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart :
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!
H. F. Lyte.





THE EXILE'S VISION.



HE blue Ægean's countless waves in Sabbath
sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that
lone island wild,
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved" such views sublime
were given,
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of
heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him upon whose sorrowing
breast,
At the Last Supper's solemn feast, his weary head found
rest ;
One "like unto the Son of Man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest
gold.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

His head and hair were white as wool; His eyes a fiery
flame,

Not tearful now as when He trod this world of sin and
shame;

His countenance was as the sun, His voice was as the
sound

Of many waters, murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before His feet, as dead, the loved disciple fell,
How gently deigned the Prince of Life His servant's fears
to quell!

And give Him strength to see His face, whom highest
heavens adore,

The Lord, who "liveth, and was dead," and lives for
evermore.

Oh, then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory
streamed!

He saw the land of love and light—the home of the re-
deemed;

He stood by Life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music
rolled

Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel hosts
unknown,

Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne;
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial
sphere,

In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

THE EXILE'S VISION.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled splendour bright,
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in saintly white :
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never dim,
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint had reached the fair celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's suffering bore ;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry, saith, "Come !"

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free, and fresh, and fair,
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there !
And hark ! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever will*.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

O blessèd voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim His own
again,
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so.
Amen!"

Sunday at Home.

PRAY, PRAY, THOU WHO ALSO WEEPEST.



RAY, pray, thou who also
weepest,
And the drops will slacken so.
Weep, weep, and the watch thou
keepest
With a quicker count will go.
Think: the shadow on the dial,
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.

Look, look up, in starry passion,
To the throne above the spheres;
Learn: the spirit's gravitation
Still must differ from the tear's.

PRAY, PRAY, THOU WHO ALSO WEEPEST.

Hope : with all the strength thou usest
In embracing thy despair.

Love : the earthly love thou lovest
Shall return to thee more fair.

Work : make clear the forest tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land.

Trust : the blessed deathly angels
Whisper, "Sabbath hours at hand !"

By the heart's wound when most gory,
By the longest agony,

Smile !—Behold in sudden glory .

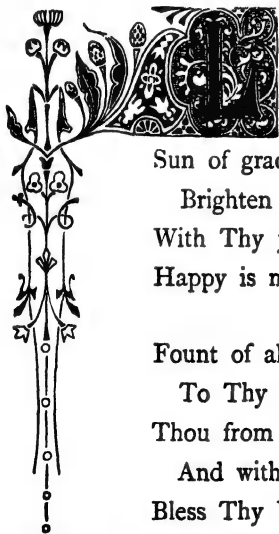
The TRANSFIGURED smiles on *thee* !

E. B. Browning.





SABBATH MORNING.



LIGHT of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

SABBATH MORNING.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying ;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me,—with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,—
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a Paradise within me ;
Oh, reveal Thyself to me,
Blessèd Love, who diedst to win me ;
Fed by Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence, all care, all vanity !
For the day to God is holy :
Come, Thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly.
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Lyra Germanica.

THE GAIN OF GRIEF.



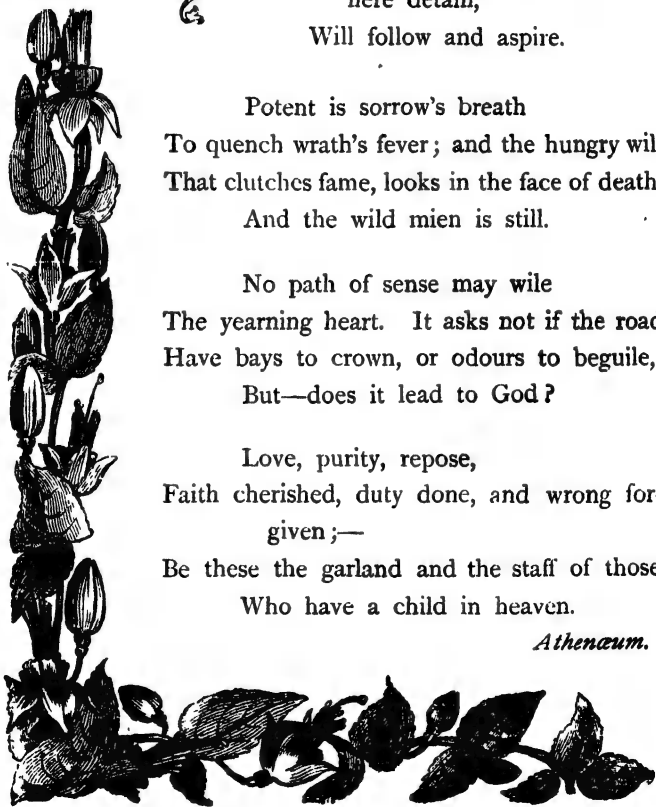
LOVE'S very grief is gain ;
Thereby each holier grows, and
heaven is nigher ;
Souls that their idols may not
here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever ; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mien is still.

No path of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odours to beguile,
But—does it lead to God ?


Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong for-
given ;—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven.

Athenæum.



"THY WILL BE DONE."

"THY WILL BE DONE."



FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid
Strengthen Thy Son ;

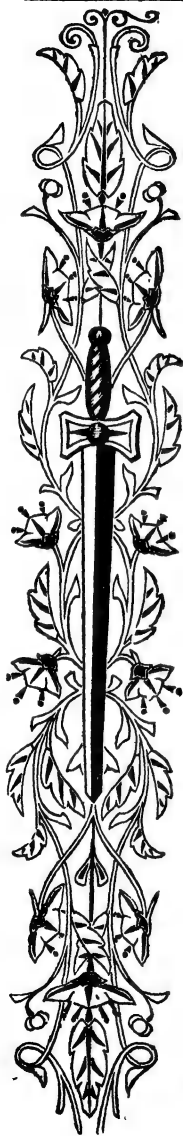
Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief ;
Oh, to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief.

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done !"

By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned, the chief—
Thou Saviour ! if the stroke must fall.
Hallow this grief.

Hemans.





AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.

AS eager home-bound traveller
to the goal,
Or steadfast seeker on an
unsearched main,

Or martyr panting for an aureole,
My fellow-pilgrims pass me, and attain
That hidden mansion of perpetual peace
Where keen desire and hope dwell
free from pain :

That gate stands open of perennial ease ;
I view the glory till I partly long,
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens
these.

O passing angel, speed me with a song,
A melody of heaven to reach my heart !
And rouse me to the race and make
me strong ;
Till in such music I take up my part,
Swelling those hallelujahs full of rest,
One—tenfold—hundredfold—with heavenly
art,
Fulfilling north, and south, and east,
and west,
Thousand—ten thousandfold—innumer-
able—

All blent in one, yet each one manifest ;
Each one distinguished and beloved as well

AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.

As if no second voice in earth or
heaven
Were lifted up the Love of God to tell.
Ah! Love of God, which Thine own
self hast given
To me most poor, and made me rich in
love,
Love that dost pass the tenfold seven
times seven,
Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my
heart above,
My treasure and my heart store Thou
in Thee,
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove ;
Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend
to me ;
Love me as very mother loves her son,
Her suckling firstborn fondled on her
knee ;
Yea, more than mother loves her little
one :
For, earthly, even a mother may forget
And feel no pity for its piteous moan ;
But Thou, O Love of God, remember
yet,
Through the dry desert, through the water
flood
(Life, death) until the Great White
Throne is set.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

If now I am sick in chewing the bitter cud
Of sweet past sin, though solaced by Thy grace,
And oftentimes strengthened by Thy flesh and blood,
How shall I then stand up before Thy face
When from Thine eyes repentance shall be hid
And utmost Justice stand in Mercy's place:
When every sin I thought, or spoke, or did,
Shall meet me at the inexorable bar,
And there be no man standing in the mid
To plead for me; while star fallen after star,
With heaven and earth, are like a ripened shock,
And all time's mighty works and wonders are
Consumed as in a moment; when no rock
Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,
But I stand all creation's gazing-stock,
Exposed and comfortless on every side,
Placed trembling in the final balances
Whose poise this hour, this moment, must be tried?—
Ah! Love of God, if greater love than this
Hath no man, that a man die for his friend,
And if such love of love Thine own love is,
Plead with Thyself, with me, before the end:
Redeem me from the irrevocable past;
Pitch Thou Thy presence round me to defend;
Yea, seek with piercèd feet, yea, hold me fast,
With piercèd hands whose wounds were made by love.
Not what *I* am,—remember what Thou wast
When darkness hid from Thee Thy heavens above,
And sin Thy Father's face, whilst Thou didst drink

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

The bitter cup of death, didst taste thereof
For every man ; while Thou wast nigh to sink
Beneath the intense intolerable rod,
Grown sick of love :—not what I am, but think
Thy life then ransomed mine, my God, my God !
Christina Rossetti.



FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.



HEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



He, the young and strong, who cherishec
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life ;

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more ;

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

Longfellow.

THE DAY OF WRATH.



HE day of wrath! that dreadful
day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



LOVED AND LOST.

IS not when the death-prayer is
said

The life of life departs :
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions

From whose dear side they came :
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name !

Dim is the light of vanished years
In the glory yet to come ;
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life—awake ! and there
The jewel in our breast.

John Wilson.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.



DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and stat
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings !
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds !
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

CLINGING TO THEE.



ONLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me
lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying
scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
E'en as the branches to the vine
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee!

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

CLINGING TO THEE.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel Thee near and strong to save,
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, what appal,
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?



"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."



MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear;
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not
spare,

O Lord, Thy chastening rod!

Oh, help me, Father, for my sinful heart
Back from this discipline of grief would start,
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,
Who died for me, my God!

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
Break but some link of that oppressive chain
Which binds us still to earth, and leaves a stain

Thou only canst remove,

Then am I blest: oh, bliss from man concealed!
If here to Christ, the weak one's Tower and Shield,
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

F F

THANKFULNESS.



THANKFULNESS.

Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesu's breast.

A. A. Procter.



THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.



THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.

HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream :
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my radiant Sun ;
So in the light of Light I live,
And glory is begun !

Bonar.



MORNING HYMN.



COME, my soul, awake, 'tis morning,
Day is dawning
O'er the earth; arise and pray.
Come to Him who made this splendour,
Thou must render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty,
See their beauty
Paling in the golden air:
So God's light Thy mists should banish,
Thus should vanish
What to darkened sense seemed fair.

See how everything that liveth,
Gladly striveth
On the pleasant light to gaze;

MORNING HYMN.

Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,
As it knoweth
Darkness smitten by these rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer ;
Thou shouldst offer
Praise to Him, who from thy head
Kept afar the storms of sorrow,
And the morrow
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

Bid Him bless what thou art doing
If pursuing
Some good end ! but if there lurks
Ill intent in thine endeavour,
May He ever
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

Think that He, the All-discerning,
Knows each turning
Of thy path, each sinful stain ;
Nay, what shame would fain gloss over,
Can discover ;
All thou dost to Him is plain.

Bound unto the flying hours
Are our powers ;
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,
That thy ship, my soul, is hasting,
Never resting,
To its haven in the grave.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Pray that when thy life is closing,
Calm reposing,
Thou may'st die, and not in pain:
That, the night of death departed,
Thou, glad-hearted,
May'st behold the sun again.

From God's glances shrink thou never,
Meet them ever;
Who submits him to His grace
Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth
Such as gloweth
O'er his pathway all his days.

Wakenest thou again to sorrow?
Oh! then borrow
Strength from Him, whose sunlight might
On the mountain-summit tarries,
And yet carries
To the vales their mirth and light.

Round the gifts He on thee showers,
Fiery towers
Will He set: be not afraid,
Thou shalt dwell 'mid angel legions
In the regions
Satan's self dares not invade.

Lyra Germanica.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

*'And He spake a parable unto this end, that men ought always to pray,
and not to faint.'*



WAS long ago in olden time,
Christ spake a parable divine,
To teach the waiting throng
That men ought evermore to pray,
And God would hear and help alway,
Although they waited long.

That human voice we may not hear,
That music breaks not on our ear,
Yet still the words are sure ;
And many hearts with grief oppress
Have found them light, and hope, and rest,
And trusted there secure.

And rises, Lord, this cry to Thee,
From weary hearts unceasingly,
"How long, O Lord, how long?
O Thou, the True, the Good, the Great,
Have mercy on us desolate !
Is not 'Thy sceptre strong?"

So prayed they, bowed with sorrow down ;
While we, whom love and gladness crown,
Bend lower still in prayer,
With hearts so full, we need to pray
"Oh, make us worthy, Lord, alway
This weight of love to bear.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“Oh, help us 'mid these beams divine
To think of Thee from whom they shine,
By whom all love is given;
To know them but reflections bright
Of glory true and infinite,
Which floods the fields of heaven.”

And thus, in happiness or care,
Still, Lord, to Thee ascends our prayer,
For strength we cry from far;
And learn, as Jesus taught of old,
In toils and troubles manifold,
To trust Thy guiding star.

So lead us, Thou to whom we pray,
That ever nearer day by day
Unto the Christ we come;
And where we see the star abide,
There—surely trusting in our Guide—
May find our rest and home.

L. R.



MIDNIGHT HYMN.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.



the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 't is Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care—
Or anything beside—how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.



SOLD by them that should have
loved thee,
Prisoner in the heathen's
land,
Given by him that best had
proved thee
To the dungeon and the
band :—
From the land of flowers
and rain,
Borne to Egypt's dewless
plain,
Leaving tent and pastoral
dell,
And the sire that loved thee
well,
And the airs on upland
breezy,
Where the scented cedars
grow,
For the servant's toil un-
easy,
And the captive's weary
woe ;—

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Out of grief to honour risen,
Winning rapture for thy pain,
And a palace for thy prison,
And a sceptre for thy chain ;—
Ruling with a gentle art
Over many a grateful heart,
Melting with a brother's love
Those thine anguish could not move—
Wearing graciously thy glory
Through the land thy wisdom won—
How should Christians read thy story,
Agèd Israel's favoured son ?

As the little sapling tender
Shows the great oak waving proud ;
As the cold lake burns with splendour
From the crimson sunset-cloud ;
So in sufferings of thine
Trace we out a gift divine,
And thy sorrows throb and glow
With a pulse of heavenly woe !
Type thou art of One more holy
Who His glory laid aside,
Took the form of servant lowly,
Stooped to suffering man, and died.

He was scorned, and sold, and hated
By the men He came to save,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

With a cruel wrath unsated,
Followed to His three days' grave,—
Not one pitying thought for Him,
When His failing eye waxed dim,
Not one note in sympathy
With that love so full and free,
When His tender spirit, yearning,
Wept those tears of God-like grief
O'er the lawless city spurning
Help, and safety, and relief.

Now He reigneth high exalted
Where the white-robed elders stand,
By the great throne rainbow-vaulted,
Each with golden harp in hand.
Thousand thousand harps adoring,
Thousand thousand vials pouring
Odours sweet of saintly prayers,
That embalm those heavenly airs,
Round the Lamb once slain and wounded,
Breathing till that awful hour
When, by heaven's high host surrounded,
He shall come again in power.

For behind each image saintly
Burns the light of Jesus' name—
As the lines lie dim and faintly
In the Gothic window-frame,

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Till the sunlight touch the pane
Rising o'er the fretted fane,
And each form and gorgeous hue
Starts to sight distinct and true,
So doth many a sin-stained creature
Catch a glory from Christ's face,
And a light is on His feature,
That our eye should love to trace.

C. F. A.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.”



THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows !
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there !
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may “Abba, Father,” cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !”
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

AN ADVENT HYMN.



AN ADVENT HYMN.

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."—Matt. xxi. 9.



WHEN first our Lord came down on
earth,

He did not scorn like us to be,
For He was born of mortal birth,
A simple child of low degree.

Where Syrian waves are bright and clear,
Where Judah's grapes grow large and
red,

He walked below, and men drew near
And heard the holy words He said.

But when the Lord shall come again,
With angel hosts encircled round,
All earth and heaven shall hail Him then
With thunder-peal and trumpet-sound.

And, some in joy and some in dread,
The sons of men His eye shall meet;
For all the living and the dead
Must stand before His judgment-seat.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

His voice on earth we did not hear,
His steps below we could not trace,
But when His glory shall appear,
We too shall meet Him face to face.

For surely as the leaves and flowers
In Summer-time come back again,
So surely, as in sultry hours
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He who in His lowly love
Came down that we might be forgiven,
Break glorious through the clouds above,
And take His children home to heaven.

C. F. H.



WHEN HEART AND FLESH FAIL.

WHEN HEART AND FLESH FAIL.



LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine !

A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou.

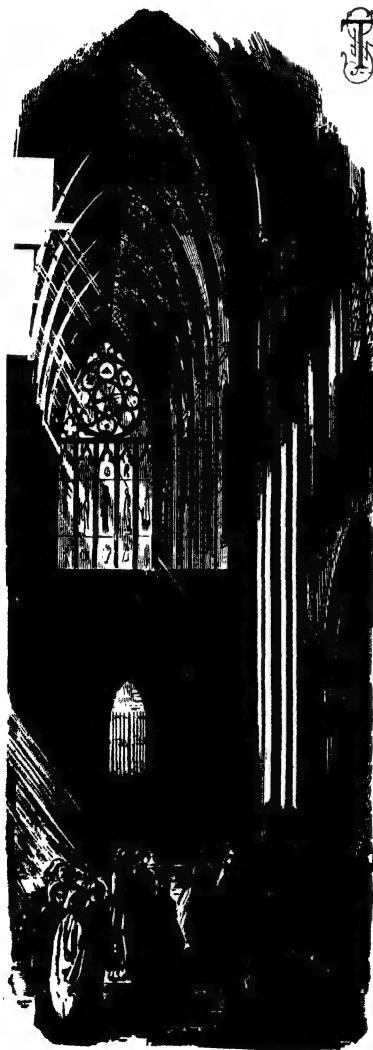
By Him who loved to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

Hemans.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

'I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'—Ephes. iii. 15



THE quiet Sabbath sunshine
played,

With soft and loving smile,
On those in lowly church who
prayed,
And dim cathedral aisle.

There some in joy, in sorrow
some,
Beneath that sunshine knelt;
Each with his own request
had come,
Each heart its burden felt.

Yet named they all one sacred
name,
And saw one presence fair;
“For Christ our Saviour’s
sake,”—the name
To each far different prayer.

While every joy, and grief
and need,
Swelled one united cry,
Blending in Him whose name
we plead,
Our Advocate on high.

CHRIST'S SAKE.

Until the soft "My God," which came
From every praying heart,
Rose but as one "Our Father,"—name
Which joins those far apart.

So ever, as we nearer rise
Towards Him we all would find,
We draw more closely still the ties
Which heart to heart can bind.

That like the union none may know,
Of Father and of Son,
We all who trust in Him below,
In Him may all be one.

L. R.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

SONG OF THE ANGELS TO ADAM AND EVE
IN PARADISE.



HAIL! Hail! Hail!

Welcome to your realm of
beauty,

Welcome to your blest abode,
Thus with mingled love and duty,

We, the elder sons of God,

Join our voices to salute ye,

Pour our echoing strains abroad ;

Now let triumph ride the gale ;

Peace and joy and praise prevail ;

It is finished! Hail! all hail!

Finished is the six days' wonder!

Since Jehovah's voice of might,

From the secret place of thunder,

Spake the word, and there was light,—

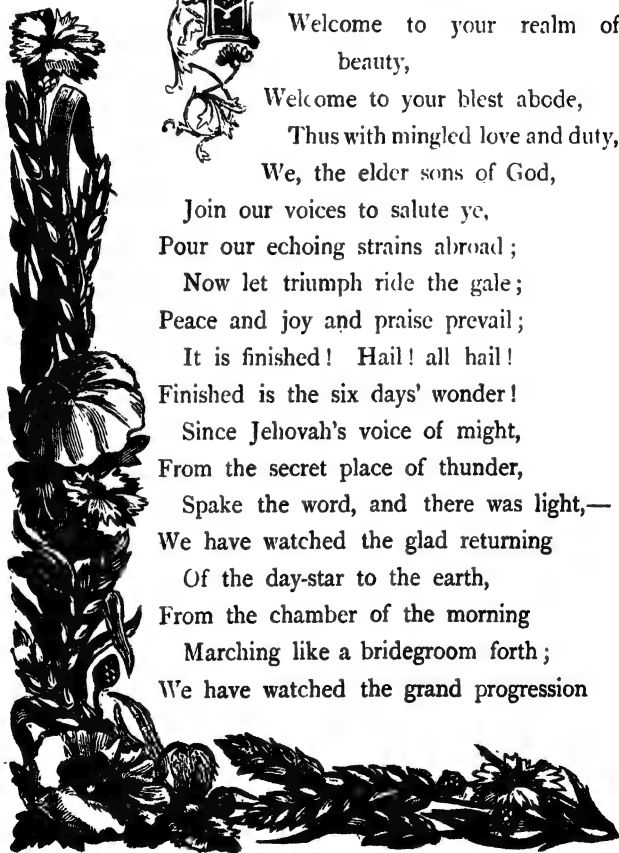
We have watched the glad returning

Of the day-star to the earth,

From the chamber of the morning

Marching like a bridegroom forth ;

We have watched the grand progression



SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Of the changes, as they passed,
'Through each beautiful succession :

—Ye the loveliest ! ye the last !
'Tis the Sabbath of creation !

God upon His throne doth rest ;
And His smile of approbation

All His perfect work hath blest.
Of the mighty lyre of nature

Harmonized is every chord ;
And the least and loftiest creature
Breathes thanksgiving to the Lord.

Ye, in whom the beauty liveth,
We have longed and watched to view,
Praise with us the God who giveth

You to us, and us to you :
For you,—for ye have a soul like ours ;
It heaves in your bosom, it beams through
your eye,

Baptized in the feelings, endowed with the
powers

That burn through the depth of eternity.
And happy are we, unto whom 't is given
To tend you as guardians and cheer you
as friends ;

Happy to speed from our homes in heaven,



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

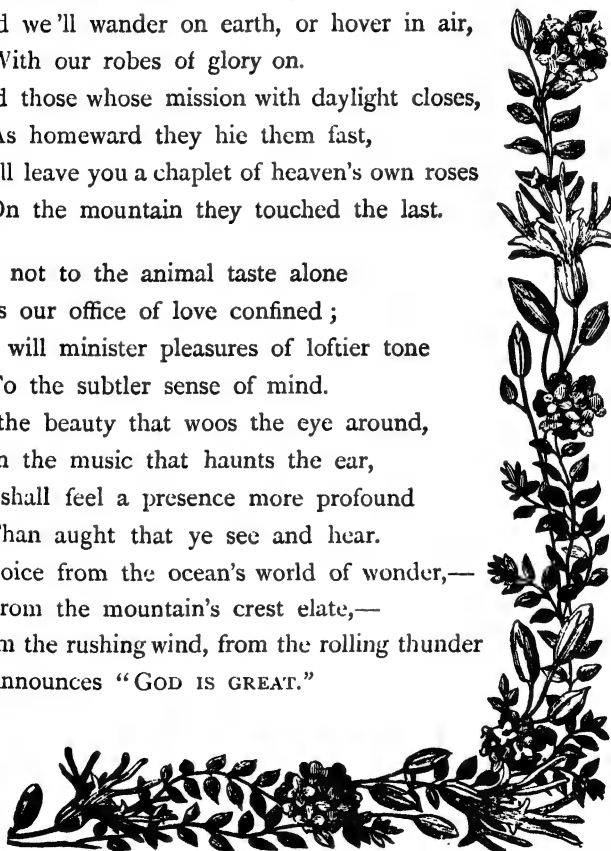


your holy rest to keep ;
Like the hills that watch in shadowy might
Round the lake so pure and deep,
Which, dreaming of distant worlds of light,
Lies locked in their arms asleep.
And, as that still lake awakes and rejoices,
When Zephyr his playmates hath found,
That danced to shore with their liquid voices
Telling their joy around,—
So ye shall awake at our gentle call,
From your pillow of fern and heather ;
And we'll sing to the God and the Father
of all
Our matin praise together.
When past the freshness of the dawning,
And spent the spirits of the breeze,
When fiery noon comes down, embrowning
The slippery turf beneath the trees,
Our wings shall interweave an awning
Of cooler shade than these.
And when the sapphire gates of even
Open to realms beyond ;
When earth to the embrace of heaven
Doth glowingly respond ;


SONG OF THE ANGELS, ETC.

When sweet and slumbrous melodies
O'er land and water creep,
As Nature sits, with half-shut eyes,
Singing herself to sleep ;—
Ye shall catch the gleam of our golden hair
In the wake of the sinking sun ;
And we'll wander on earth, or hover in air,
With our robes of glory on.
And those whose mission with daylight closes,
As homeward they hie them fast,
Shall leave you a chaplet of heaven's own roses
On the mountain they touched the last.

Yet not to the animal taste alone
Is our office of love confined ;
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone
To the subtler sense of mind.
In the beauty that woos the eye around,
In the music that haunts the ear,
Ye shall feel a presence more profound
Than aught that ye see and hear.
A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,—
From the mountain's crest elate,—
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder
Announces "GOD IS GREAT."




CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



The fountain dwells secure,
With smiles upon its dimpled face,
It tells you "GOD IS PURE."
The humblest flower, the tiniest creature
That creeps, or swims, or flies,
Joins with the mightier forms of nature
To attest that "GOD IS WISE."
The blessing with the sunshine given
Wakes joy in field and grove;
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to heaven
Makes answer, "GOD IS LOVE!"
Thus, borrowing from material things
A token and a tone,
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs
God sees,—and God alone.

And would ye know what deeds are done
In other worlds afar,
And call down teachers many a one
From planet and from star?
Delightful task to single out
Some twinkling point of light
From all the diamonds wreathed about
The coronal of night;



SONG OF THE ANGELS, ETC.

And draw you of its scenery
A landscape grand and strange ;
And trace through all its history
The wondrous path of change !

Yet there be vast and dim dominions,—
Ocean without a shore,—
Which not the boldest angel pinions
Have ventured to explore ;
And there be mysteries fathomless,
Wrought in a realm of fire,
Whereat the Cherubim may guess,
But have not dared inquire.
One thing we know,—that, ages back,
Before your earth was made,
There rose a cloud so densely black,
It cast e'en heaven in shade :
That darkness passed, and light on high
Again serenely shone ;
But, when we looked along the sky,
Ten thousand stars were gone !
Again the angel watch was set
The eternal gates before,
But many a face we there had met,
We met again no more :
God o'er their fate a veil hath spread,
Nor further may we win,
Save of its cause a rumour dread,
That sighed the name of *sin*.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

God guard us safe from aught of ill
In knowledge or in deed !
To know His love, to do His will,
We ask no higher meed.
May nought avert the blessing given
His creatures at their birth ;
Disturb the harmonies of heaven,
Or mar the peace of earth !

*From "Ministry of Angels,"
by T. E. Hankinson.*



JERUSALEM.

MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrows can be found ;
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
No gloom, nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Would God I were with thee !
Oh, that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square ;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl :
O God, if I were there !

Oh, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on the throne,
And thy felicity ?

Thy gardens and Thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Thy joys fain would I see ;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my griefs,
And take me home to Thee.

Oh ! in my forehead plant Thy name,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praise for aye.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?



THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones are builded,
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move ;

From celestial realms descend-
ing,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him whose love es-
poused thee,

To thy LORD shalt thou be led ;

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

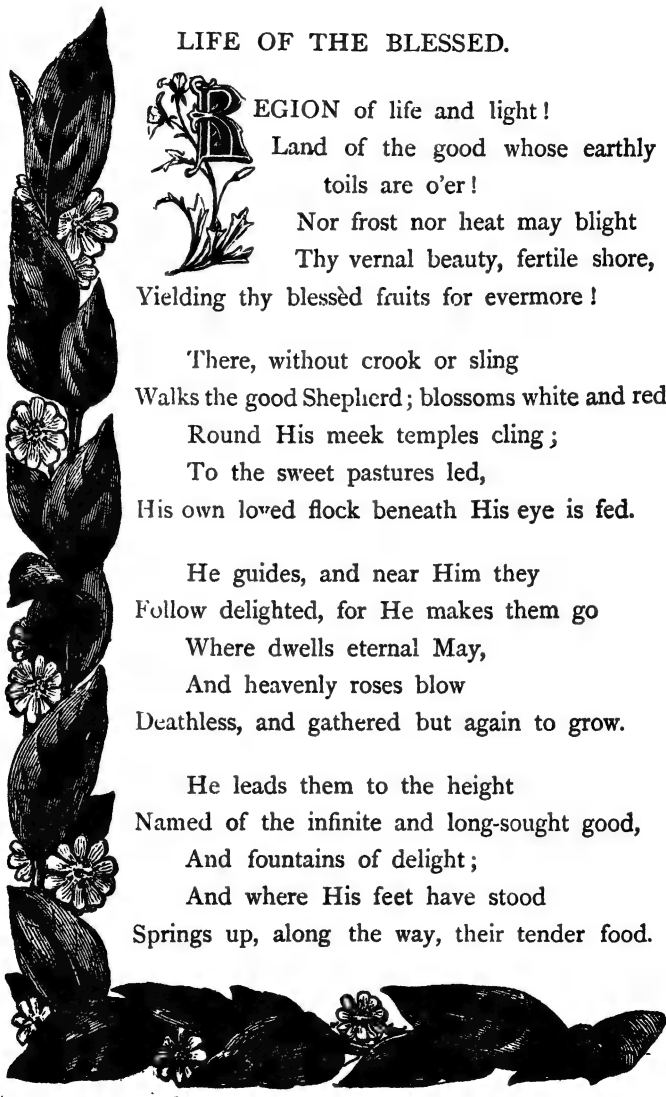
Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore ;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.



LIFE OF THE BLESSED.



REGION of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly
toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling
Walks the good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round His meek temples cling;
To the sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted, for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought good,
And fountains of delight;
And where His feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

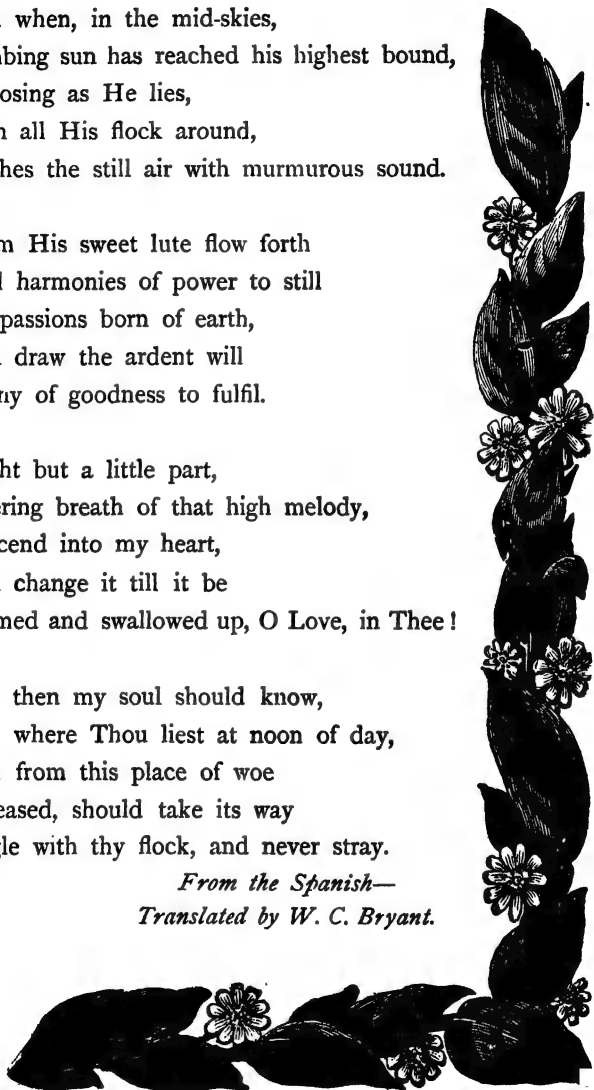
And when, in the mid-skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all His flock around,
He 'witches the still air with murmurous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee !

Ah ! then my soul should know,
Beloved ! where Thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
'To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

*From the Spanish—
Translated by W. C. Bryant.*





LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

Clouds and darkness are round about Him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."—Psalm xcvi. 2.



OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

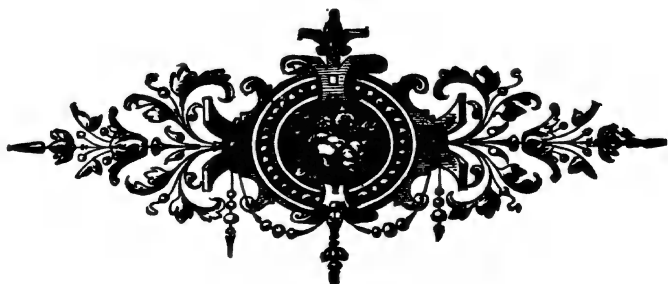
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.





COWPER'S GRAVE.



T is a place where poets crowned may feel the
heart's decaying ;

It is a place where happy saints may weep
amid their praying ;

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as
silence languish !

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave
her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue was poured the death-
less singing ;

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand
clinging !

COWPER'S GRAVE.

O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while
you were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering
lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God
hath taken.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's
my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come from any
other!—

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending
o'er him ;

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love
she bore him !—

Thus woke the poet from the dream the life-long fever
gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death
to save him !—

Thus !—oh, not thus ! no type of earth could image that
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round
him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt *those* eyes alone, and knew “my Saviour, not
deserted !”

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in dark-
ness rested

Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted ?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that one
should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence
rather ;

And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
and Father ;

THE PRODIGAL.

Yea, once Immanuel's orphan cry His universe hath shaken ;
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken !"

It went up from the holy lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation ;

That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope, should mar
not hope's fruition,

And I on Cowper's grave might see his rapture in a
vision.

E. B. Browning.

THE PRODIGAL.



WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse
and rude ?

I could not be content with angels'
food.

How camest thou companion to the
swine ?

I loathed the courts of heaven, the
choir divine.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear ?
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free?
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam?
None, but I wearied of a happy home.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough for me.

Why sue, a beggar, at the mean world's door?
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

Archbishop Trench.



LOVE.

LOVE.



FOR the love of the true-hearted,
Thanks we give Thee, Lord of love;
Truest treasure Thou hast given,
Fairest link 'twixt earth and heaven,
Sunshine from above.

May this love that Thou hast given
Light, and hope, and joy to be,
Filling all our lives with meaning,
Teaching truest strength in leaning,
Draw us nearer Thee.

For the love Thou sendest shows us
How that stronger love must glow,
By its very depth revealing
Other depths of deeper feeling
God alone can know.

Teaching us of love unuttered,
Ever springing, ever new,
Whose unfathomed depth and beauty
Cheer our sorrows, gild our duty,—
Perfect, constant, true.

L. R.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.



HE servant of God is on his
way
From Boston's beautiful
shore ;
The boat skims light o'er the
silvery bay,
The sleeping waters awake
and play
At the touch of the splash-
ing oar.

The boat is fast, and over
the sod
Of the neighbouring wood
he hies ;
Through moor and thicket his
path is trod,
For he hastens to speak of
the living God
In the ear of the man who
dies.

The purpose that fills his soul
is great
As the heart of man may
know ;

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.



Vast as eternity, strong as
the gate
Which the spirit must pass
to a changeless state,
To enter on bliss or woe.

Where Romney's forest is high
and dark
The eagle lowers her wing
O'er him who once had made
her his mark,
For the Sagamore, on his bed
of bark,
Is a perishing, powerless
thing.

On the door of the wigwam
hang the bow,
The antlers, and beaver's
skin,
But he who bore them is faint
and low,
For death hath given the fatal
blow,
And a monarch expires
within.

The eye that glanced, and
the eagle fled
Away to the fields of air;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The hand that drew, and the deer was dead;
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's tread,
And the conqueror's arm, are there.

But each his powerful work has done,
His triumph at length is past;
The final conflict is now begun,
And, weeping, the mother hangs over her son,
As the Sagamore breathes his last.

The queen of Massachusetts grieves
That the life of her child must end;
And that is a noble heart which heaves
With a mortal pang on the bed of leaves
Of the white man's Indian friend.

That stately form that lies prostrate there,
On those feet that are cold as snow,
Hath often sped through the midnight air,
A word to the Christian's ear to bear,
Of the plot of his heathen foe.

And often, while roaming those wilds alone,
His generous heart would melt
At the touch of a ray of light which shone
From the white man's God, till before His throne
Almost has the Indian knelt.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.

But the fatal fear, the fear of man,
That bringeth to man a snare,
Has braced his knee, as it just began
To bend; and the fear of a heathen clan
Has stifled the Christian's prayer.

But now, like a flood, to his trembling heart
Has the fear of a God rushed in;
And keener far than the icy dart
That rends the flesh and spirit apart,
Is the thought of his heathen sin.

To the lonely tent where the chief reclines,
As the herald of love draws nigh,
The Indian shrinks as he marks the signs
Of a soul at peace, and the light which shines
Alone from the Christian's eye.

"Alas!" he cries, in the strange, deep tone
Of one in the grasp of death,
"No God have I, I have lost my own,
And I go to the presence of thine alone,
To scorch in His fiery breath.

"That Spirit who made the sky so bright
With the touch of His shining feet,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Who rules the waters, enkindles the light,
Imprisons the winds and gives them their flight,
I tremble His eye to meet.

“When, oh ! if I openly had confessed,
And followed and loved Him here,
I now might fly to His arms for rest,
Like a weary bird to her downy nest,
When the evening shades draw near.

“But grant me this one great boon I crave
In a dread and an awful hour—
When I am gone to my lonely grave,
Oh, take my son to thy home, and save
This beautiful forest flower.

“To the God of thy people, the Holy One,
To the path that shall reach the skies ;
Say, say that to these thou wilt lead my son,
That he may not second the race I have run,
Nor die as his father dies.”

“As his father dies.”—With the breath that bore
That sorrowful sound hath fled
The soul of a king, for the strife is o'er
Of the spirit and flesh, and the Sagamore
Is numbered with the dead.

"OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE!"

But hath he not, by his high bequest
Like the penitent on the tree,
The Saviour of dying man confessed,
And found the promise to him address,
"To-day thou shalt be with Me"?

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE!

O, teach me to love Thee! to feel what Thou art,
Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living or dying the same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay,
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fixed on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.”



 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord
God Almighty!”

Early in the morning our song
shall rise to Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and
Mighty,

God in Three Persons, Blessed
Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints
adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling
down before Thee,

Which wast, and art, and evermore
shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Thou alone art Holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity:

“Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!”

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!

God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Bishop Heber.

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.



HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I
stand ;
I give myself, my all, to Thee ;
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy
precious blood ;
Thine only will I be.
No love but Thine, but Thine can me re-
lieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine will I receive ;
No light, no love but Thine !

Take, take me as I am ! Thou need'st me not,
I know Thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning star ;
High angels wait Thy call.
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery ;
Yet take me as I am !

Perhaps Thou overlookest me ; too small
A mote of being for Thine eye
To rest on, or to care for ; far beneath
Thine awful majesty.
But still I am a thing of life, I know,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And made for everlasting joy and woe;-
Turn not Thine eye away.

Perhaps Thou dost repent of making me?
And yet this, O my God, I know,
That I am made, made by Thine own great hand,
Though least of all below;
Myself I cannot alter or unmake,
Oh, wilt Thou not this soul of mine new make?
New-make me, O my God.

Perhaps for aught of good I am unfit,
Most worthless and most useless all,
Yet make me but the meanest thing that lives
Within Thy Salem's wall.
I shall be well content, my God, to be,
To do, or suffer aught that pleaseth Thee;—
Oh! cast me not away.

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord:
A word would do it, or a sign;
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And oh, the boundless blessedness to me,
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blessed by Thee!
Oh, speak, oh, speak the word!

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS

Life ebbs apace, my night is coming fast
My cheek is wan, my hair is grey;
I am not what I was when on me blazed
The noon of youth's bright day.
Make haste to do for me what thus I plead
O Thou the succourer of my great need,
Oh, love and comfort me!

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
Has power to cleanse even me;
Oh, wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity;
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!

Rev. H. Bonar.





ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.



LONE, alone, ah ! weary soul,
In all the world alone I stand,
With none to wed their hearts to mine,
Or link in mine a loving hand.

Ah ! tell me not that I have those
Who own the ties of blood and name ;
Or pitying friends who love me well,
And dear returns of friendship claim.

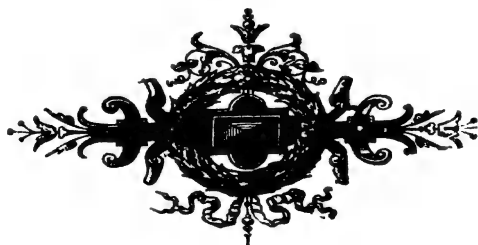
ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

I have, I have ! but none can heal,
And none shall see my inward woe,
And the deep thoughts within me veiled
No other heart but mine shall know.

And yet amid my sins and shames
The shield of God is o'er me thrown;
And 'neath its awful shade I feel
Alone,—yet, ah, not all alone !

Not all alone ! and though my life
Be dragged along the stained earth,
O God ! I feel Thee near me still,
And thank Thee for my birth.

E. W. Farrar.





“A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK.”



WILL accept thy will to do and be,
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
Thy will at least to love, that burns
within

And thirsteth after Me :

So will I render fruitful, blessing still,
The germs and small beginnings in
thy heart,
Because thy will cleaves to the better
part.—

Alas ! I cannot will.

Dost not thou will, poor soul ? Yet I receive
The inner unseen longings of the soul ;
I guide them turning towards Me ; I control
And charm hearts till they grieve.

If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass,
Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love ;
For I have power in earth and heaven above.—

I cannot wish, alas !

THE MEDIATOR.

What, neither choose nor wish to choose? and yet
I still must strive to win thee and constrain:
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,
How then can I forget?
If thou as yet dost neither love nor hate,
Nor choose, nor wish,—resign thyself, be still
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will.—
I do not deprecate.

Christina Rossetti.



THE MEDIATOR.



HOW high Thou art! our songs can own
No music Thou couldst stoop to hear!
But still the Son's expiring groan
Is vocal in the Father's ear.

How pure Thou art! our hands are dyed
With curses, red with murder's hue.
But He hath stretched His hands to hide
The sins that pierced them from thy view.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

art! we tremble lest
Thine arm be moved.
on Thy breast,
up Thy best-beloved.

art! Thou didst not choose
for ever so;
Thou wilt not lose
didst for love forego.

High God, and pure, and strong, and kind,
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!
Thy brightness in His face we find,
Behold our darkness only there.

E. B. Browning.

LITANY.



SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,

Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

LITANY.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of wants and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread permitted hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, oh, turn a pitying eye,—
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished words that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er that dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Lord Glenelg.



MARY MAGDALENE.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted ;
The crowd are pointing at the thing for-
lorn,
In wonder and in scorn !
Thou weapest days of innocence departed ;
Thou weapest, and thy tears have power
to move
The Lord to pity and to love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

MARY MAGDALENE.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar shall change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh!
Nor that upon the wintry desert's bosom
The harvest should arise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains,
Thick to their tops with roses: come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree;
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise
For ever towards the skies!

*From the Spanish—
Translated by W. C. Bryant.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



IN SUFFERING.



DATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done ;
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son ;
So in His name I pray.
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek,
Oh ! take this cup away.

If such be not Thy sovereign will
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil ;
My wishes I resign ;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend ;
Thy will be done, not mine.





CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.



DOMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning, joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief!
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,
None was ever turned away,
Who had given himself to God,
And on Him had cast His load.
Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain out-waste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun ;
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringeth joy at last in showers,
 When whate'er we asked is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly, for His sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave :
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

Lyra Germanica.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS OF PRAISE.



SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No :—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Montgomery.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Translated from the German.



THROUGHOUT this earth in still-
ness

An angel walks abroad,
For consoling in our weakness,
He is strengthened of the Lord.
Peace in his look abideth,
With a mild and quiet grace,
Oh! follow where he guideth,
Follow patience in thy race.

He ever truly leads thee
Through suffering here below,
And, speaking oft to cheer thee,
A brighter time he'll show.

Does thy heart sink despairing?

Thy hope he doth recall,
He helps thee in cross-bearing,
To good he turneth all.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

He calms to quiet sadness
The anguish of thy breast ;
The heart that was so restless,
In humility hath rest.
Thy darkest hour of weeping
He bringeth by degrees ;
Though thy wounds be slow in healing,
He gives thee certain ease.

Thy tears no anger cause him,
He waiteth to console,
He chides not thy desiring,
With grace he stills thy soul.
When troubles round are raging,
Murm'ring, thou askest "Why?"
Voiceless—thy grief assuaging—
He smiles and points on high.

Not for all anxious questions
Doth he replies prepare,
The sum of his monitions—
"Endure—soon ends thy care."
Thus with thy footsteps blending,
His words are few and plain,
And his thoughts are only tending
To the great, the glorious aim.

M. S. M.

INCOMPLETENESS.



NOTHING resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light:
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future lies;
And angel glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

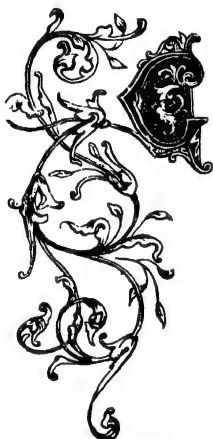
Learn the mystery of progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they had passed away;

THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness ;
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onwards man's reluctant soul.'

A. A. Procter.

THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.



OD doth not leave His own ;
The night of weeping for a time may last,
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine,
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine :
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own ;
Though few and evil all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's
dark crowd,

The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own ;
This sorrow in their life He doth permit,
Yea, chooseth it
To speed His children on their heavenward way,
He guides the winds.—Faith, hope, and love all say,
God doth not leave His own.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

NEARER TO THEE.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me :
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;

NEARER TO THEE.

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee.

Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine :
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the divine !
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

S. F. Adams.





'UNTO US A SON
IS GIVEN."



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !

Great David's greater Son !

Hail, in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free ;

To take away transgression,

And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy

For those who suffer wrong ;

To help the poor and needy,

And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,

Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,

Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd

While sun and moon endure,

Beloved, obeyed, reverèd,

'For He shall judge the poor,

"UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN."

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showe
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountain,
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet

Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His wisdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever;
His new, best name of Love.

Montgomery.

"WALK IN THE LIGHT."



"WALK IN THE LIGHT."

WALK in the light—and thou shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because on thee the light hath shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light—so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light—and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where, in divine communion,
God is Himself the light.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

ADORATION.



imploring palms we raise towards
heaven

As though we drew the consecration down,
And miss the holy wells that gush hard by.
So men mistakenly look up for dew,
The while its blessed mist imbathes their feet.

Therefore if any flower shall breathe for thee
A fragrant message from its pencilled urn ;
If spring airs glad thee ; if the sunset bring
Into thine eyes the tears of solemn joy ;
If any radiant passion come to make
Existence beautiful and pure to thee ;
If noblest music sway thee, like a dream ;
If sorrow to a mournful midnight turn
Thy noon ; if something deepest in thee wake
To a dim sentiment of mystery ;
If musing warm to worship ; if the stars
Earnestly beckon to immortal life ;
Ponder such ministrations, and be sure
Thou hast been touched by God, O human heart,

Truman.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."—Psalm lxxiv. 16.



THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smiles by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories Thine!
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

More.



FORGIVEN.



KIND hearts are here; yet would the
tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and
sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven."

A. A. Procter.



REDEEMED.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.



REDEEMED, redeemed !

The word went forth from the Father's
throne,

And a flood of light from His blessed
Son

Upon the suppliant streamed ;
And the angel host, with one accord,
Sent forth a shout and song,
For another soul by their blessed Lord
Was promised to their throng.

Forgiven, forgiven !

The words went up as the thunder's roll,
And on the humble, trembling soul

The echoes fell from heaven ;

And the angels touched the silver strings
Of their harps and caught the word,

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Veiled their glad faces with their wings,
And bowed before the Lord.

Rejoice, rejoice!
Great was the sound of joy above,
And brighter seemed the realms of love.
Sweeter the angel's voice,
And all because one weary heart
Had courage to be blest,
Had taken up the better part,
And bathed its wings in rest.

HERE AND THERE.



WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its noblest flights conferred—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore.

When the shaded pilgrim-land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then, revealed on either hand,
Heaven's own scenery shall lie ;
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

HERE AND THERE.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
Life's pure river murmuring low,
Forms of loveliness and light,
Lost to earth long time ago,—
Yes, mine own, lamented long,
Shine amid the angel throng!

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here,
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, affection's tear,
These were shadows, sent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die;
Then shall angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sighed through all;
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From its mortal robes undrest
Shall my spirit upward soar.
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to soothe my breast,
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss was here unknown,
Which shall there be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

Hymns from the Land of Luther





GOD'S ACRE.



LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just!
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping
dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life; alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Longfellow.

THE DREAM.



WEARIED and worn with earthly cares,
I yielded to repose,
And soon, before my raptured sight,
a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch
in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and
radiance filled the room.

A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle
gentle whisper said,
“Arise, O sleeper, follow me;” and through the air we
fled:
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
streamed.

THE DREAM.

Still on we went, — my soul was wrapped in silent
ecstasy ;

I wondered what the end would be, what next should
meet mine eye.

I know not how we journeyed through the pathless fields
of light,

When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed
in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold ;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets
of purest gold ;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by
night ;

The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its
light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled
the air,

And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every
clime were there !

And some that I had loved on earth stood with them
round the throne :

“ All worthy is the Lamb,” they sang, “ the glory His
alone.”

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face ;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love
and grace.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length
was past.

And then, in solemn tones, He said, "Where is the diadem
That should be sparkling on thy brow, adorned with many
a gem?

I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me
is thine;

But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown
should shine?

"Thou seest now yonder glorious throng, the stars on
every brow!

For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been
thy deed,

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in path of
peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life
alone,

But that the clear and shining light, which round thy
footsteps shone,

Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home
of rest,

And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself
been blest."

* * * * *

THE DREAM.

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer
spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared
to break ;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering
light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful
might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy, that yet I dwelt
below ;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to
show ;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying
love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home
above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall
be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me ;"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth
divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars
shall shine."

S. S. Treasury.





SLEEP.



HEN in the silvery moonlight
The lengthened shadows fall,
And the silence of night is dropping
Like gentle dew on all;

When the river's tranquil murmur
Doth lulling cadence keep,
And blossoms close their weary eyes,
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,
And the young bird in the nest,
To the humble bed of a peasant child,
All share that quiet rest.

SLEEP.

It comes to the poor man's garret,
And the captive's lonely cell:
On the sick man's tossing, feverish couch,
It lays a blessèd spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down
For a healing and a balm,
Doth bless it with a mighty power
Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and droop,
And marks all those who weep;
And closes weary, aching eyes,
With the holy kiss of sleep;

The truest comfort he has given
For all earth's pain and woe,
Until that glorious life beyond
Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

Mrs. Broderip.





THE HOURS.



HE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high ;
And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
Those viewless angel hours ;
The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift
And leave us in the field.

THE HOURS.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue;
But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.
Those bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We often feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower!
So when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel wings,
Unfettered by the past.

C. P. Cranch.



SILENCE.



IN silence mighty things are wrought :
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky ;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth ;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.


The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

O Source unseen of life and light,
Thy secrecy of silent might
If we in bondage know,
Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,
By silent force of life unbound,
Move upward from below.

T. T. Lynch.

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.

"Jesus Himself drew near, and wept with them."—Luke xxiv. 15

ND He drew near and talked with them,
But they perceived Him not,
And mourned, unconscious of that light -
The gloom, the darkness, and the night
That wrapt His burial spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed, and sad,
They knew nor help nor guide,
While He who bore the secret key
To open every mystery,
Unknown was by their side.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

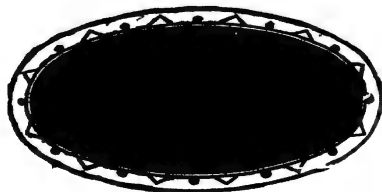
Thus often when we feel alone,
Nor help nor comfort near,
'Tis only that our eyes are dim,—
Doubting and sad, we see not Him
Who waiteth still to hear.

“The darkness gathers overhead,
The morn will never come.”
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,
In the white-flushing eastern skies
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs,
In daily work and rest,
To those who seek Him, Christ is near,
Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,
In leaning on His breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,
To see our way—our Guide,
That by the path that here we tread,
We, following on, may still be led
In Thy light to abide.

L. R.



"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."



"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."



ALF feeling our own weakness,
We place our hands in Thine,—
Knowing but half our darkness,
We ask for light divine.

Then when Thy strong arm holds us
Our weakness most we feel,
And Thy love-light around us
Our darkness doth reveal.

Too oft, when faithless doubtings
Around our spirits press,
We cry, "Can hands so feeble
Grasp such almightiness?"

While thus we doubt and tremble,
Our hold still looser grows ;
While on our darkness gazing
Vainly Thy radiance glows.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh, cheer us with Thy brightness,
And guide us by Thy hand,
In Thy light teach us light to see,
In Thy strength strong to stand.

Then though our hands be feeble,
If they but touch Thine arm,
Thy light and power shall lead us
And keep us strong and calm.



ROCK OF AGES.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee :
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.

ROCK OF AGES.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Black, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

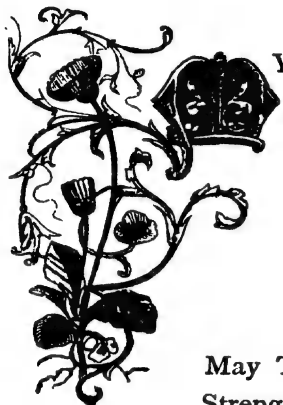
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me !
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Toplady.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

FAITH IN CHRIST.



Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

LOOK TO JESUS.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
Dear Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove,
And bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

LOOK TO JESUS.



JESUS in thy memory keep,
Wouldst thou be God's child and
 friend ;
Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,
 Still thy gaze on Jesus bend ;
In thy toiling, in thy resting,
Look to Him with every breath,
Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus, till, reviving,
 Faith and love thy life-springs swell.
Strength for all good things deriving
 From Him who did all things well :
Work, as He did, in thy season,
Works which shall not fade away,
Work while it is called to-day.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,
When thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross where He hath led.
Look to Jesus in temptation;
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus when dark lowering
Perils thy horizon dim:
By that band in terror cowering,
Calm 'midst tempests look to Him,
Trust in Him who still rebuketh
Wind and billow, fire and flood;
Forward! brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distressed;
See what He, the Holy, bore;
Is thy heart with conflict pressed?
Is thy soul still harassed sore?
See His sweat of blood, His conflict,
Watch His agony increase,
Hear His prayer, and feel His peace!



A CLOUD FOR A COVERING AND FIRE TO
GIVE LIGHT.



HEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful Guide in smoke and flame :
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering—slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir W. Scott.





ING of kings ! and Lord of lords !”

Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals’ feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.

Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee ;
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

Behold ! O Lord ! the heathen tread
‘The branches of Thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O’er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,
On Zion’s hill in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of Thine hand,
Thou still wilt save Thy chosen land !
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers’ foes o’erthrown ;
By the Egyptian’s car-borne host
Scattered on the Red Sea coast ;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.



"KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and seaweed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand
Like crystal rocks on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-pavèd way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their waves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chaunted words,
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then, with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,
He looked down upon the proud ;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.
With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell ;
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,

"KING OF KINGS' AND LORD OF LORDS."

To Him, the King of kings! that in the sea,
The Lord of Hosts! had triumphed gloriously.

And our timbrels' flashing chords,
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"
Shall they not attuned be
Once again to victory?
Lo! a glorious triumph now!
Lo! against Thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh: wilt not 'Thou
Craze the chariot-wheels of Rome?
Wilt not, like the Red Sea wave,
Thy stern anger overthrow?
And from worse than bondage save,
From sadder than Egyptian woe,
Those whose silver cymbals glance,
Those who lead the suppliant dance,
Thy race, the only race that sings
"Lord of lords, and King of kings."

Fall of Jerusalem—Dean Milman.





MARTYRS' SONG.

WE meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow;
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to God:
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like God's Son will walk with us.

MARTYRS' SONG.

What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?
They are blessed ones gone before,
They the blessed for evermore.
Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of heaven content;
Through flood, or blood, or furnace-fire,
To the rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,
In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?
Welcoming angels these that shine,—
Your own angel, and yours, and mine,
Who have hedged us both day and night
On the left hand and on the right,
Who have watched us both night and day,
Because the devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo, who is this?
As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His hands;
As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again;
As our Champion behold Him stand,
Strong to save us, at God's Right Hand.

God the Father give us grace
To walk in the light of Jesus' face;
God the Son give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;
God the Spirit so hold us up
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.

Death is short and life is long;
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.
At His word who hath led us hither
The Red Sea must part hither and thither
At His word who goes before us too
Jordan must cleave to let us through.

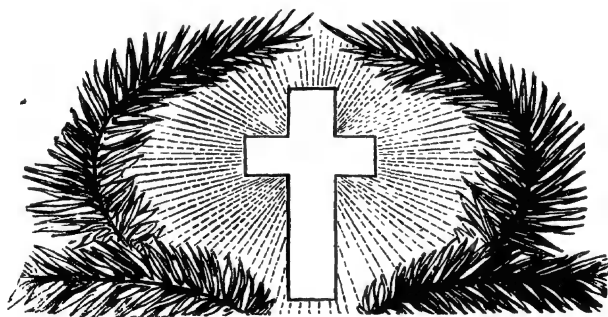
Yet one pang, searching and sore,
And then heaven for evermore;
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark;
Yet one effort by Christ His grace,
Then Christ for ever face to face.

God the Father we will adore,
In Jesus' Name, now and evermore:

MARTYRS' SONG.

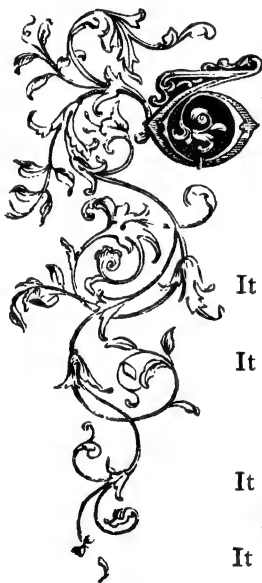
God the Son we will love and thank
In this flood and on the farther bank :
God the Holy Ghost we will praise,
In Jesus' Name, through endless days :
God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, God alone !

Christina Rossetti.





JESUS.



HERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth,

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood ;
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

JESUS.



It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice"
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bough throng
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love for me.

F. W.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

FAITH.



FAITH is the dawning of the day,
Where darkness was before ;
The rising of the solar ray,
To set in night no more.

*

Faith leads me onward to the Cross,
And through it to a crown,
When purified from all the dross
That weighs the spirit down.

Faith takes her balances of gold,
And weighs with skill sublime
Eternal happiness untold,
Against the dreams of time.

Faith is the compass never wrong,
Not swerving from its pole :
It cheers the weak, directs the strong,
And gladdens every soul.

Faith is the charm that keeps our sight
From wandering by the way ;
It studs with stars the brow of night,
And turns it into day.

Lyra Mystica. M. Bridges.



SABBATH.



AFTER long days of storm and showers,
Of sighing winds and dripping bowers,
How sweet at morn to ope our eyes
On newly swept and garnished skies!

To miss the cloud and driving rain,
And see that all is bright again,
So bright we cannot choose but say,
“Is this the world of yesterday?”

E'en so, methinks, the Sabbath brings
A change o'er all familiar things;
A change we know not whence it came,
They are, and they are not the same.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

There is a spell within, around,
On eye and ear, on sight and sound,
And, loth or willing, they and we
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress,
Which sanctifies their loveliness ;
Types of that endless resting-day
When we shall all be changed as they.

To-day our peaceful-ordered home
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come ;
We foretaste, in domestic love,
The faultless charities above.

And as, at yester-eventide,
Our tasks and toys were laid aside,
So here we're training for the day
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musing deep,
Our souls this "day of days" would keep,
Yet other glorious things than these
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes by faith his Lord behold,
How on the week's "first day" of old
From hell He rose, on earth He trod,
Was seen of men, and went to God.

SABBATH.

And as we fondly pause to look,
When in some daily-handled book
Approval's well-known tokens stand,
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand;

E'en so there shines one day in seven,
Bright with the special mark of heaven,
That we with love and praise may dwell
On Him who loveth us so well.

Whether in meditative walk
Alone with God and heaven we talk,
Catching the simple chime which calls
Our feet to some old church's walls,—

Or, passed within the church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We pray the prayers, and hear the word,
Which there our fathers prayed and heard.

Or represent, in solemn wise,
Our all-prevailing Sacrifice,
Feeding, in communion high,
The life of faith which cannot die.

And surely, in a world like this,
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss,
Where fondest hopes are often crossed,
And fondest hearts are severed most,—

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

'Tis something that we kneel and pray,
With loved ones near and far away,
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,
One form of words, one hour of prayer.

'Tis past, yet pause till ear and heart,
In one brief silence ere we part,
Something of that high strain have caught—
The peace of God which passeth aught.

Then turn we to our earthly homes,
Not doubting but that Jesus comes,
Breathing His peace on hall and hut,
“At even when the doors are shut,”—

Then speed us on our earthly way,
And hallows every common day:
Without Him Sunday's self were dim,
And all are bright if spent with Him.



"BEYOND."



"BEYOND."



E must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that
love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will
meet estranged and cold in heaven :
Oh ! love were poor and vain indeed, based
on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with
all the starry worlds of light,
With all the glory of the day, and calmer
tenderness of night ;

For in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal
and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science,
learning, wealth, and power,
Slow growths, that through long ages came, or fruits of
some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for
such as they.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

They are complete: their work is done. So let them
sleep in endless rest;
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully
blest;
It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of
meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here
below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism
of woe,
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that
it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air
is dark and dense,
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so
intense;
When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its
light! how strong its strength!

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base
counterfeits abound)
Shall perish with what gave them birth, their graves are
green and fresh around,
No funeral song shall need to rise, for the true love
that never dies.

LIVING.

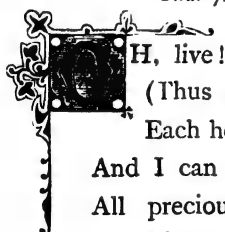
If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we
should not know
What was our life of life when here—the hearts we loved
so much below ;
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.
But love is no such soulless clod : living, perfected, it
shall rise
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the
skies ;
And that which makes this life so sweet shall render
heaven's joy complete.

A. A. Procter.

LIVING.

AFTER A DEATH.

"That friend of mine who lives in God."



H, live !
(Thus seems it we should say to our beloved,
Each held by such slight links so oft removed :)
And I can let thee go to the world's end ;
All precious names, — companion, love, spouse,
friend, —

Seal up in an eternal silence grey,
Like a closed grave, till resurrection-day,
All sweet remembrances, hopes, dreams, desires,
Heap, as one heaps up sacrificial fires ;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then turning, consecrate by loss, and proud
Of penury, go back into the loud
Tumultuous world again with never a moan,
Save that which whispers still "My own, my own,"
Under the same broad sky whose arch immense
Enfolds us both like the arm of Providence;
And thus contented I could live or die,
With never clasp of hand or meeting eye
On this side Paradise.—While thee I see
Living to God, thou art alive to me.

Oh, live!

And I, methinks, can let all dear rights go,
Fond duties melt away like April snow,
And sweet, sweet hope, that took a life to weave,
Vanish like gossamers of autumn eve.
Nay, sometimes seems it I could even bear
To lay down humbly the love-crown I wear,
Steal from my palace, helpless, hopeless, poor,
And see another queen it at the door,—
If only that the king had done no wrong,
If this my palace, where I dwelt so long,
Were not defiled by falsehood entering in:
There is no loss but change, no death but sin,
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain
Of murdered faith that never lives again.

Oh, live!

(So endeth faint the low pathetic cry

LIVING.

Of love, whom death hath taught, love cannot die,)
And I can stand above the daisy bed,
The only pillow for thy dearest head,
There cover up for ever from my sight
My own, my own, my all of earth-delight ;
And enter the sea-cave of widowed years,
Where far, far off, the trembling gleam appears
Through which thy heavenly image slipped away,
And waits to meet me at the open day.
Only to me, my love, only to me
This cavern underneath the moaning sea ;
This long, long life that I alone must tread ;
To whom the living seem most like the dead.
Thou wilt be safe out on the happy shore ;
He who in God lives, liveth evermore.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."





“FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.”



SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,

Thrice welcome message from a land of light
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,

So on eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering
word,

“So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

At home with Jesus! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare;

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD:

The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there,—
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends;
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares, and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the loss restored,
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

And is there ever perfect union here?
Oh! daily sins lamented and confessed,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest,
With life we have the evils long deplored,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

All prone to error—none set wholly free
From the old Serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can plainly see
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,
So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;
Oh, let the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw !
Thanks for the blessed life-inspiring word,
So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Hymns from the Land of Luther.



AS THOU WILT.



AS THOU WILT.

AS Thou wilt, my God! I ever say;
What Thou wilt is ever best for me;
What have I to do with earthly care,
Since to-morrow I may leave with
Thee?

Lord, Thou knowest, I am not my
own,
All my hope and help depend on
Thee alone.

As Thou wilt! still I can believe;
Never did the word of promise fail;
Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,
Though temptations, clouds, and fears
assail.

Why art thou disquieted, O my soul!
When thy Father knows, and rules the whole?

As Thou wilt! still I can endure;
Patiently my daily cross can bear;
Why should I complain, a pardoned child,
If the children's portion here I share?
As Thou wilt, my Father and my God!
I can drink the cup and kiss the rod.

As Thou wilt! still I can hope on;
Sunshine may return when storms have past;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thine All-seeing eye of sleepless love
Watches o'er my path from first to last.
When Thou wilt, upon the desert plain
Springs may rise anew, and rivers flow again.

As Thou wilt ! all life's journey through,
To Thy will my own I would resign ;
If on earth I have but little store,
Be it so ! all heaven shall be mine ;
Or if but Thyself, my God, art given,
Nothing more I need, or ask in earth or heaven.

As Thou wilt ! when Thine hour has come,
Let Thy servant, Lord, in peace depart ;
Good it is to love and serve Thee here,
Better to be with Thee where Thou art,
When or where or how the call may be,
It will not come too early or too late for me.

As thou wilt, O Lord ! I ask no more.
With the promise Faith pursues her way ;
Patience can endure through sorrow's night,
Hope can look beyond to heaven's own day,
Love can wait, and trust, and labour still ;—
Life and death shall be according to Thy will !

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

RABIA.

RABIA.



OUND holy Rabia's suffering
bed

The wise men gathered,
gazing gravely—



‘ Daughter of God!’ the youngest said,

“Endure thy Father’s chastening bravely :
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.”

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly.

‘ Daughter of God!’ the eldest cried,
“Sustain thy Father’s chastening gladly :
They who have learned to pray aright
From pain’s dark well draw up delight.”

Then she spoke out,—“Your words are fair ;
But, oh ! the truth lies deeper still ;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill :
They who God’s face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand.”

Lord Houghton.



THE CHURCH ON EARTH.



IS one vast united army,
Ruled and governed by Thy hand
Drawn up ever, watching, waiting,
Where the hosts of evil stand.

And the battle-cry is sounding,
Daily sounding o'er the plain;
And the soft dim twilight deepens
But to wake it up again.

Thou hast placed Thyself each soldier
In the rank where he should be;
Thou hast sealed him with Thy signet—
Made him strong, O Lord, in Thee.

Thou hast clothed him in the armour
Of Thine own celestial might;
Gleaming softly in the sunshine,
In the silent stars of night.

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

O'er his head the snow-white banner,
With its shining symbol, waves ;
And its sweet and holy shadow
Every faltering footstep saves.

Thou art guiding and directing
In Thy wisdom day by day ;
Thou dost rule this mighty army
With a tender, loving sway.

One vast host of one great Ruler !
Though each soul alone must face
All the special strife and danger
Of his own appointed place.

Ay, though none may shun the warfare,
Nor his daily cross lay down ;
And though each must win his laurels,
Each his own immediate crown ;

'Tis one Church—redeemed, united
In the person of our Lord ;
'Tis one Church—His Bride beloved—
To her first estate restored.

We are members of that Body,
We are branches of that Vine,
We are shafts of that great Temple
With its Corner-Stone divine.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Many sheep in one fold sheltered,
Many links of one great chain,
Many soldiers—but one army—
On the one great battle-plain.

One, and only one, for ever,
In this time of earthly strife ;
One, and only one, hereafter,
In the bright and endless life.

Help us, O Thou mighty Saviour,
To be fruitful unto Thee,
That we keep our place within it
Throughout all eternity.

Ada Cambridge.



A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.



A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.



HELMET of the hope of rest :
 Helmet of salvation !
Nobly has thy towering crest
 Pointed to this exaltation.
Yet I will not thee resume,
Helmet of the nodding plume ;
Where I go no foeman fighteth,
Sword or other weapon smiteth ;
All content I lay thee down,
I shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

Sword at my side ! Sword of the Spirit !
 Word of God ! Thou goodly blade !
Often have I tried thy merit ;
 Never hast thou me betrayed.
Yet I will no further use thee,
Here for ever I unloose thee ;
Branch of peaceful palm shall be
Sword sufficient now for me ;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“Fought the fight, the victory won,”
Rest thou here, thy work is done.

Shield of faith ! my trembling heart
Well thy battered front has guarded ;
Many a fierce and fiery dart
From my bosom thou hast warded.
But I shall no longer need thee,
Never more will hold or heed thee.
Fare thee well ! the foe's defeated,
Of his wished-for victim cheated ;
In the realms of peace and light
Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

Girdle of the truth of God !
Breastplate of His righteousness !
By the Lord Himself bestowed
On His faithful witnesses,
Never have I dared unclasp thee,
Lest the subtle foe should grasp me ;
Now I may at length unbind ye,
Leave you here at rest behind me :
Nought shall harm my soul equipped
In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

Sandals of the preparation
Of the news of peace !

There must now be separation,
Here your uses cease.
Gladly shall my naked feet
Go my blessèd Lord to meet ;
I shall wander at His side
Where the living waters glide ;
And these feet shall need no guard
On the unbroken heavenly sward.

Here I stand of all unclothèd,
Waiting to be clothed upon
By the Church's great Betrothèd,
By the Everlasting One.
Hark ! He turns the admitting key,
Smiles in love, and welcomes me ;
Glorious forms of angels bright
Clothe me in the raiment white,
Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,
"For the rest, wait thou till the Judgment Day."

Professor G. Wilson.



THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.

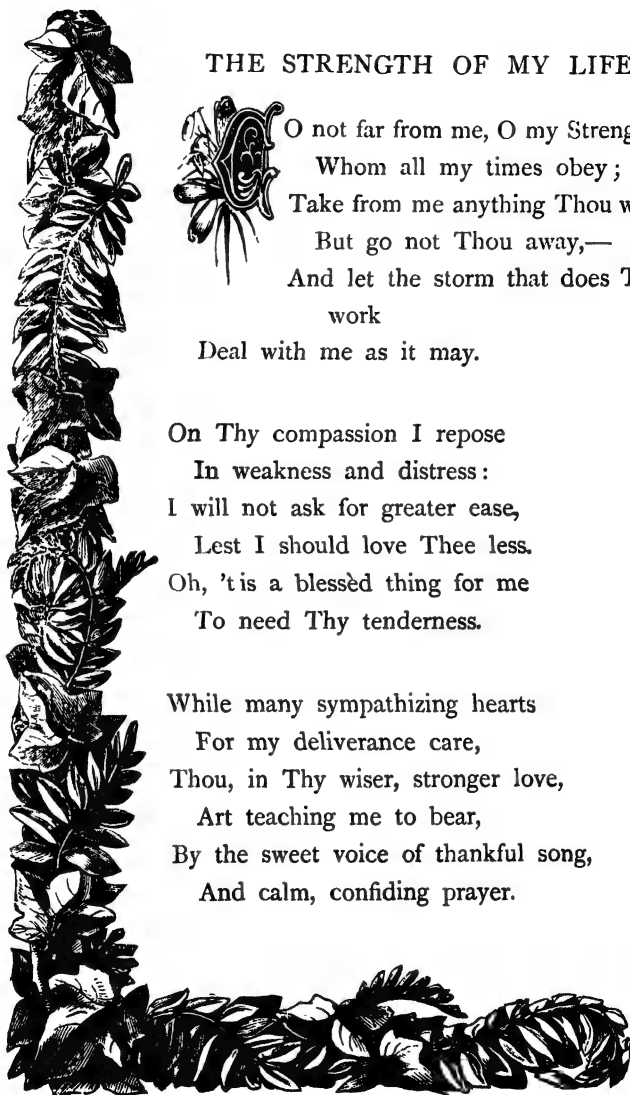


O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy
work

Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 't is a blessèd thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.



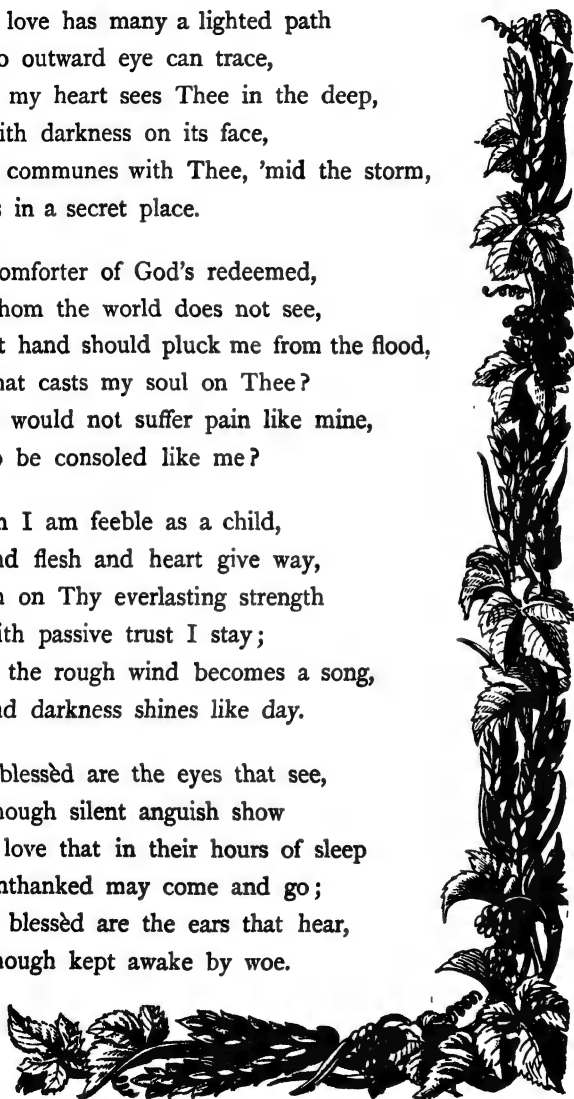
THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.


Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessèd are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessèd are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.






Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech :
Peace that no presence from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified ;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear ;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be ;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see ;



THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.

And oh ! it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in Thee !

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest
That none can make afraid.


Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say—
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

A. L. Waring.



MY DOVES.



MY little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea ;
For, ever there the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond,
And green leaves round, to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

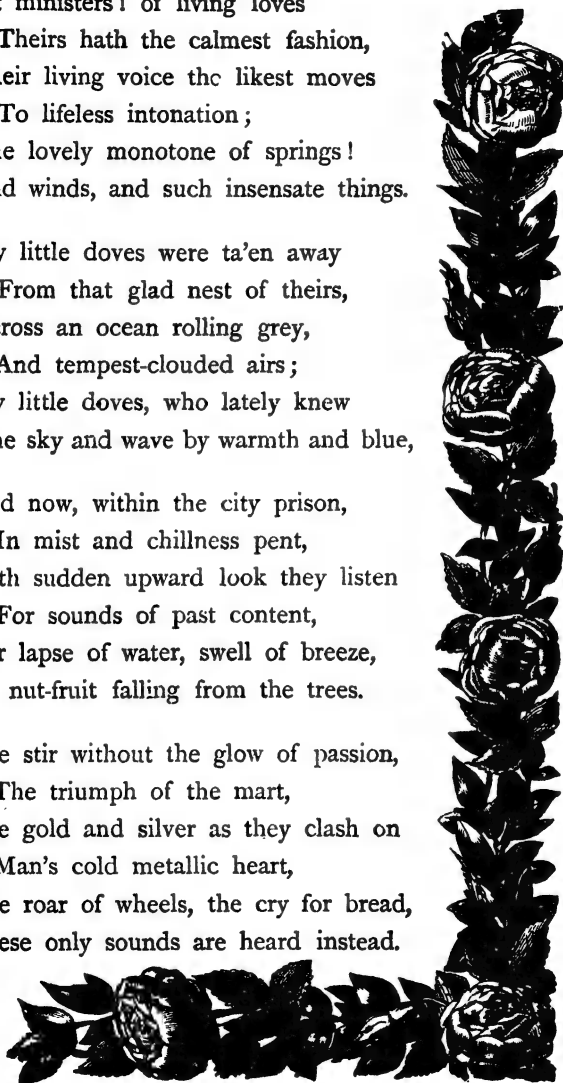
MY DOVES.

Fit ministers! of living loves
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless intonation;
The lovely monotone of springs!
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling grey,
And tempest-clouded airs;
My little doves, who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue,

And now, within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content,
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic heart,
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,
These only sounds are heard instead.



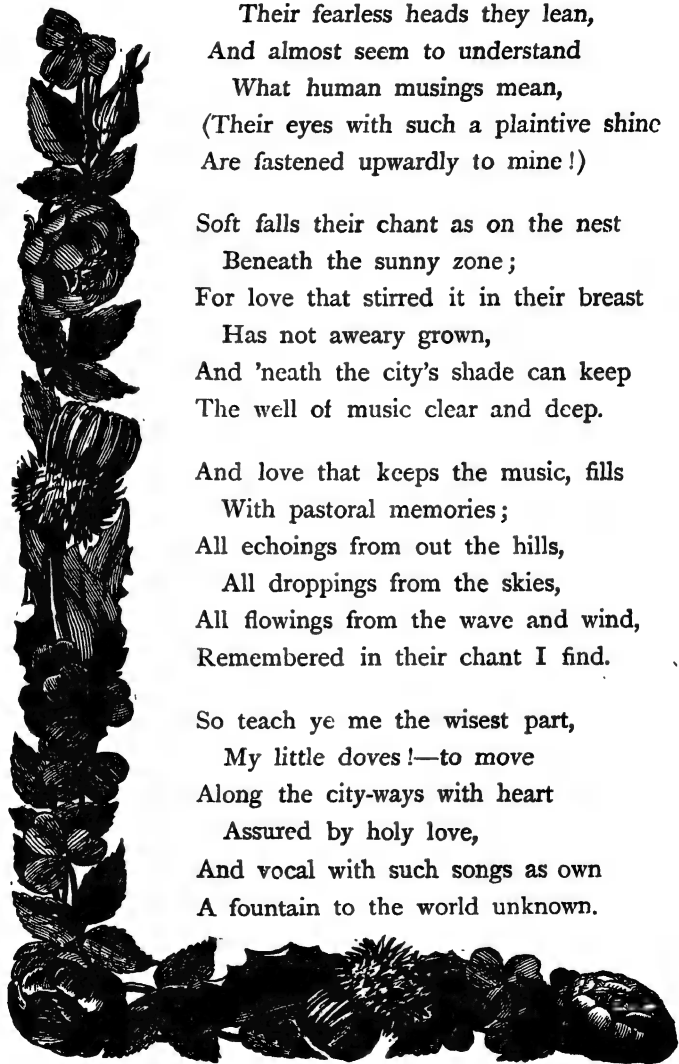
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes with such a plaintive shine
Are fastened upwardly to mine !)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone ;
For love that stirred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories ;
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves !—to move
Along the city-ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.



MY DOVES.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream—
More hard in Babel's street ;
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let *us* begin,
Who wear immortal wings within !

To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields ;
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent dewy fields :
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

E. B. Browning.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

BLESS US TO-NIGHT.



FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

Jesus Emmanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in thy Word believe;
Bless us to-night.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart;
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

MY PSALM.

MY PSALM.

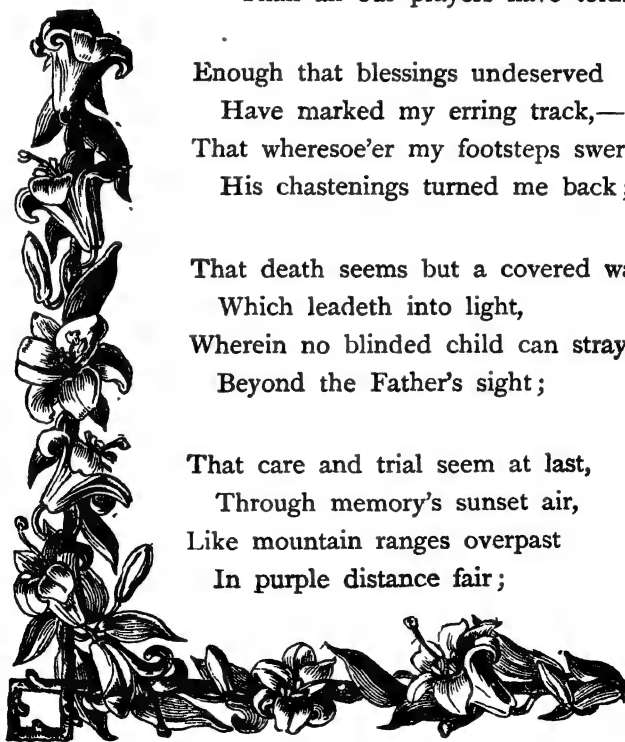


ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold ;
And knoweth more of all our needs
Than all our prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,—
That wheresoe'er my footsteps swerve
His chastenings turned me back ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which leadeth into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair ;



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in one psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

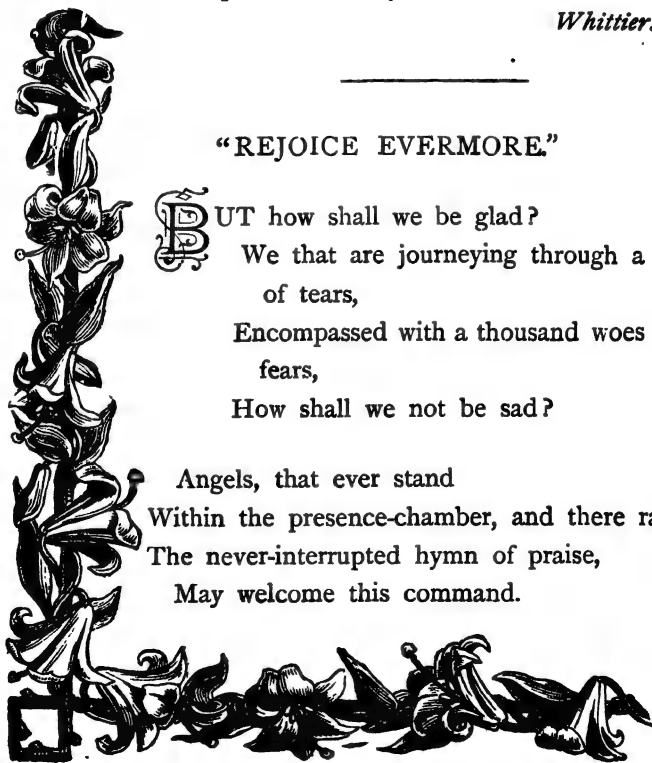
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And every window of my heart
I open to the day.

Whittier.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

BUT how shall we be glad?
We that are journeying through a v
of tears,
Encompassed with a thousand woes a
fears,
How shall we not be sad?

Angels, that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command.



"REJOICE EVERMORE."

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pillars now within the temple of God,
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear,—

Bid us lament and mourn,
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn.

But not that we be glad :
If it be true the mourners are the blest,
Oh, leave us in a world of sin, unrest,
And trouble, to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,—
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
That fill the world, all mine appointed time
A settled grief to keep.

When lo ! as day from night,
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded, at the coming of that joy
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly-risen bliss ;

But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And oftentimes scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe ;

Two fountains from one source,
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
That aye for him who shall unseal the one
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow
Shed round them holy balm.

Archbishop Trench.



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

THE SONG OF SONGS.



HERE is a song now singing,—
Catch but its sweet beginning
And you will still its notes prolong :
For ever, ever learning,
Yet never quite discerning
The deep, full meaning of the song!

It tells of love undying,
Before which grief is flying,
Like mists swept by the sun along !
Oh ! how earth's sorrow leaveth
The heart that here receiveth
The holy music of the song.

Hymns from the Land of Luther

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.



JERUSALEM the Golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance, and in dream !
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden,
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
Of thee some secret knows!
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,
When sunset's in the west,
It seems thy gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
For ever triumphing!



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Lowly may be thy portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for His poor.

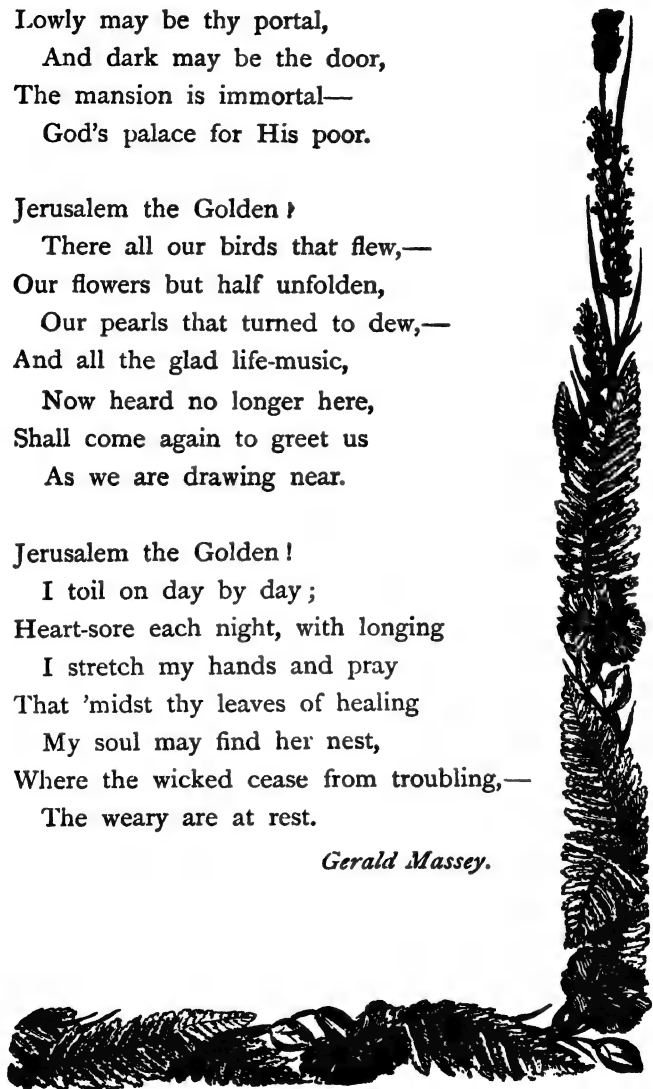
Jerusalem the Golden !

There all our birds that flew,—
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,—
And all the glad life-music,
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden !

I toil on day by day ;
Heart-sore each night, with longing
I stretch my hands and pray
That 'midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,—
The weary are at rest.

Gerald Massey.





TOO LATE!



LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill;
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we, for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late, and dark and chill the night;
Oh, let us in that we may find the light!
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
—No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.



STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven;
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

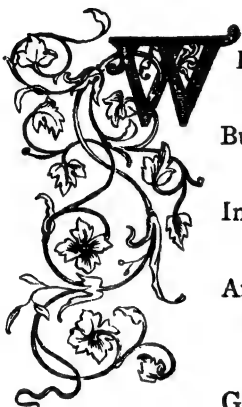
Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

F. T. Palgrave

THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.



HAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days?
In it I behold Thy will,
God, Who giveth rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

God! Thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms,
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are Thine own.

Thou my shelter from the blast,
Thou my strong defence art ever;
'Though my sorrows thicken fast,
Yet I know thou leav'st me never.
When my foe puts forth his might,
And would tread me in the dust,

THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.

To this rock I take my flight,
And I conquer him through trust.

When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my faith in Thee abate.
And this faith I long have nurst
Comes alone, O God, from Thee ;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians ! cast on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly ;
Know He is the living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever open door
In your hours of utmost need ;
All your hearts before Him pour,
He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,
Cleaving to the things of earth ?
Leanest thou for aid on man ?
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
Rather trust the One alone
Whose is endless power and love,
And the help He gives His own
Thou in very deed shalt prove.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vexed?
Let things go as e'en they will;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
Yet His order they fulfil.
Here He is thy strength and guard,
Power to harm thee here is none;
Yonder will He each reward
For the works he here has done.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my all; in all I do
Let me only seek Thy will.
Where the heart to Thee is true
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

Lyra Germanica.

THE TWINS.

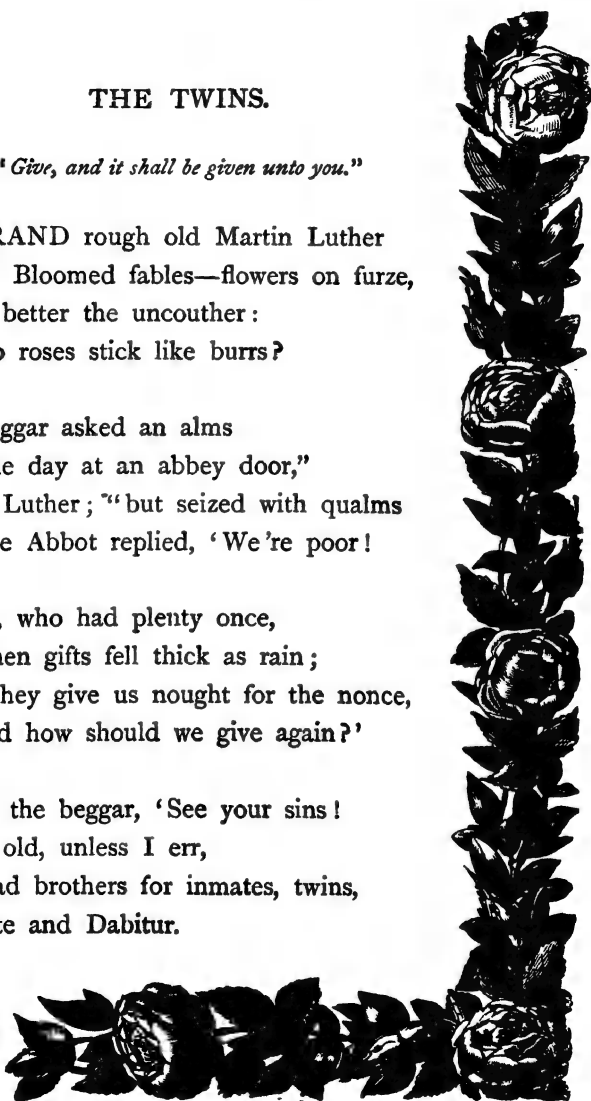
"Give, and it shall be given unto you."

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouth :
Do roses stick like burrs ?

"A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey door,"
Said Luther ; "but seized with qualms
The Abbot replied, 'We're poor !

"'Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain ;
But they give us nought for the nonce,
And how should we give again ?'

"Then the beggar, 'See your sins !
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and Dabitur.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too ;
For Dabitur's lenten face
No wonder if Date rue.

'Would ye retrieve the one?
Try and make plump the other
When Date's penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

'Only beware relapse !'
The Abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel," Luther said.

R. Browning.



THE LAW OF LOVE.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

See II. Kings iv. 1—6.



OUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no
more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stauched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

Archbishop Trench.



“THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.”



QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do Thou bestow ;
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

Each green hill then will hold its gift
Forth to my joying eyes ;
The mountains blue will then uplift
My spirit to the skies.

The falling water then will sound
As if for me alone ;
Nay, will not blessing more abound
That many hear its tone ?

"THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

The trees their murmuring forth will send ;
The birds send forth their song ;
The waving grass its tribute lend
Sweet music to prolong.

The water-lily's shining cup,
The trumpet of the bee,
The hundred odours floating up,
The many-shaded sea,

The rising sun's unprinted tread
Upon the crested waves,
The gold and blue clouds overhead,
The weed from far sea-caves.

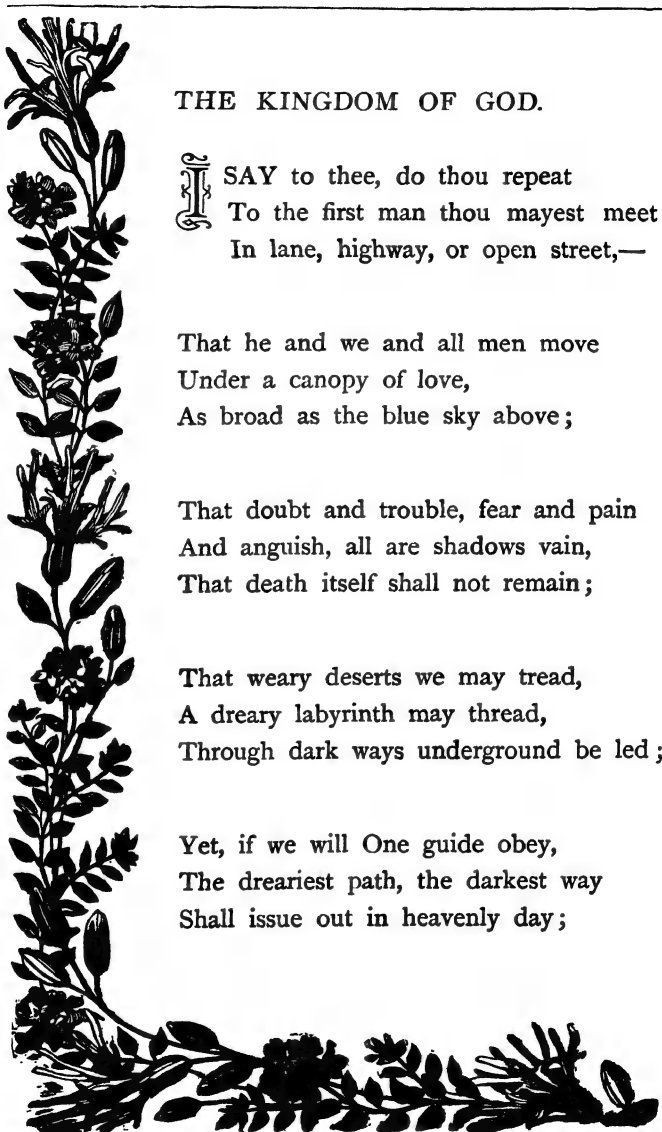
All lovely things from south to north,
All harmonies that be,
Each will its soul of joy send forth
To enter into me.

And thus the wide earth I shall hold,
A perfect gift of Thine ;
Richer by these a thousandfold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

G. Macdonald.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD.



I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will One guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

Archbishop Trench.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

LOSS AND GAIN.



LIKE berries on some inner bough,
Which swell, grow red, and straight
decay,
Finding for beauty no employ,
Till all their fitness fades away;
Yet join some elemental force
And fatten soil for other trees,—
How often seem our human lives
Useless, or useful but as these!

Whether, of earthly children, sires,
Men toil and store, or whether, crossed
In that most ardent of desires,
The current of their lives seem lost;
Whether the task be duly done,
Or the strong word unnoticed fall;
God counts His workmen one by one,
And surely, too, He uses all.

No life is lost, no hope is vain,
No prayer without a sequent deed;
He turns all seeming loss to gain,
And finds a soil for every seed;
Some fleeting glance He doth endow,
He sanctifies some casual word;
Unconscious gifts His children show,
For all is potent with the Lord.

LOSS AND GAIN.

We only see the outer thing,
The secret heart of force ignore ;
Lo ! from some harsh ungenial Spring
Full Summer blossoms forth the more.
Deep lie the channels of God's grace
Deep lies the mystery of use ;
He setteth in the chiefest place
That stone the builders all refuse.

The links of time are counted up,
And all are nought if one were broken ;
He knows the drops in every cup,
No word remains as if unspoken ;
We do not guess what we achieve ;
Dim is the ending of our course ;
Our faintest impulse may receive
The aid of supernatural force.

Half blind amidst the stir of things,
But safe in following out the law,
We know not what a moment brings,
Nor which way blows the burning straw,
When earth's great heart hath ceased to beat
And all is finished as foreshown,
Marshalled before the Judgment Seat,
Then shall we know as we are known.

B. R. Parkes.



WHEN DEATH IS COMING NEAR.



WHEN death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail ;
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths thy way
Through the dark veil.
Seest thou the eastern dawn ?
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The angels' song ?
Oh, lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long.
Death comes to set thee free,
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

THE ANGEL'S CALL.



OME to the land of peace!

Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,

The shadow passes from the soul away,

The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!

Come to the mingling of repose and love,

Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove

Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,

And crowned for ever!—'midst that shining
band,

Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every
land,

Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:

Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,

The heart that rocked thy childhood, back,
once more,

Shall take its wearied one.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

In silence wert thou left :
Come to thy sisters !—joyously again
All the home voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft !

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough :
Come to thy Father !—it is finished now ;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And—oh, bright victory !—death by love no place :
Come, spirit, to thy God !

Mrs. Hemans.





MORNING.

'His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.'

—Lam. iii. 22, 23.



UES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rain in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven:—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who, day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

MORNING.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fits us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Christian Year.





EVENING.

“ Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”
Luke xxiv. 29.



IS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth, or sky, n stream or grove ;

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

EVENING.

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests thy daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Christian Year.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.



NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul?
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?

Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep;
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weep'st?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed,
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And with them that raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessèd bed.

Margaret Mercer.



WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



AY, watchman, what of the night ?
Do the dews of the morning fall ?
Have the orient skies a border of light
Like the fringe of a funeral pall ?

“The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o’er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be.”

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

But, watchman, what of the night
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright
No longer around me shine?

“That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet;
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.”

But, watchman, what of the night
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

“That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more.”



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.



JOY and gladness ! joy and gladness !

Oh, happy day !

Every thought of sin and sadness

Chase, chase away.

Heard ye not the angels telling,

Christ the Lord of might excelling,

On the earth with man is dwelling,

Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd throng around Him

Haste we to bow ;

By the angels' sign they found Him,

We know Him now ;

New-born Babe of houseless stranger,

Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,

Saviour from our sin and danger,

Jesus, 't is Thou !

God of Life, in mortal weakness,

Hail, Virgin-born !

Infinite in lowly meekness,

Thou wilt not scorn,

Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee,

And grey wisdom bows before Thee,

When our youthful hearts adore Thee,

This holy morn.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Son of Mary, (blessèd mother !)
 Thy love we claim ;
Son of God, our elder brother,
 (Oh, gentle name !)
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
 Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
 Pilgrim divine ;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
 Brother, were Thine :
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
O Thou God of our salvation,
 With mercy shine !

In thy holy footsteps treading,
 Guide, lest we stray ;
From Thy word of promise shedding
 Light on our way ;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
 Jesus, we pray.

George W. Bethune.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.



ARK ! hark ! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing ?—
The radiant clouds have backward
rolled,
And angels smite the string.
“Glory to God !”—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

“Glory to God !” repeat
The glad earth and the sea ;
And every wind and billow fleet
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,
Each holy spot hath found a tongue :
“Let glory be to God !”

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
"Peace and good will to men."

Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain :
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string ;—
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King !

E. H. Chapin.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

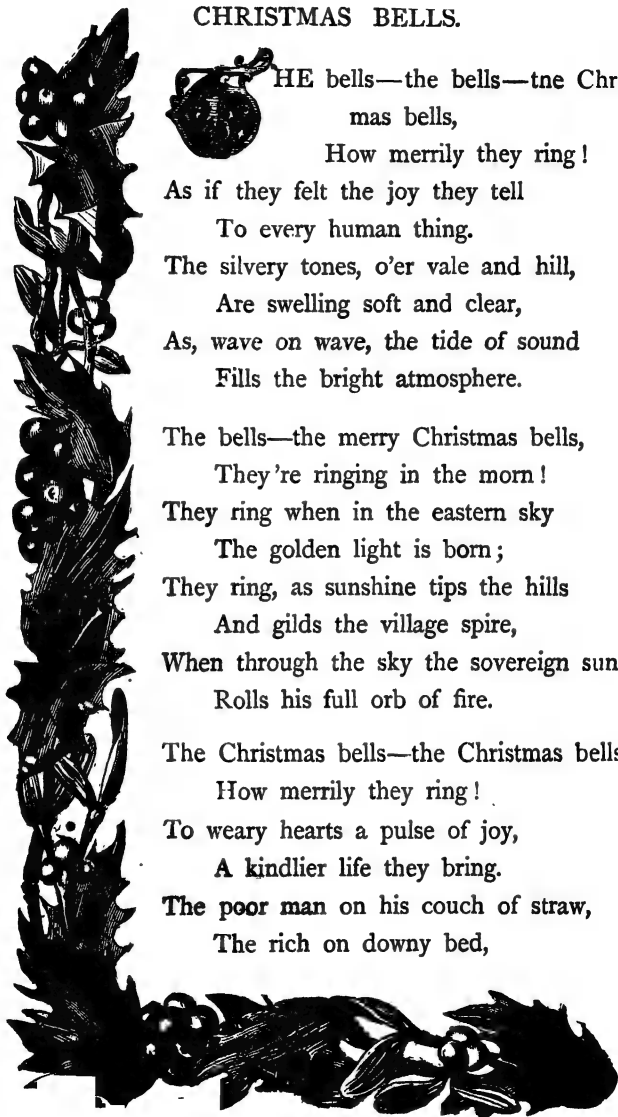
CHRISTMAS BELLS.



THE bells—the bells—the Christ-
mas bells,
How merrily they ring !
As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn !
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born ;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills
And gilds the village spire,
When through the sky the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring !
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich on downy bed,



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound !
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer ;
And hark ! the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
And glorious hymns to-day,
Te Deums loud and *Glorias* :
Come, to the church,—away.

John W. Brown.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.



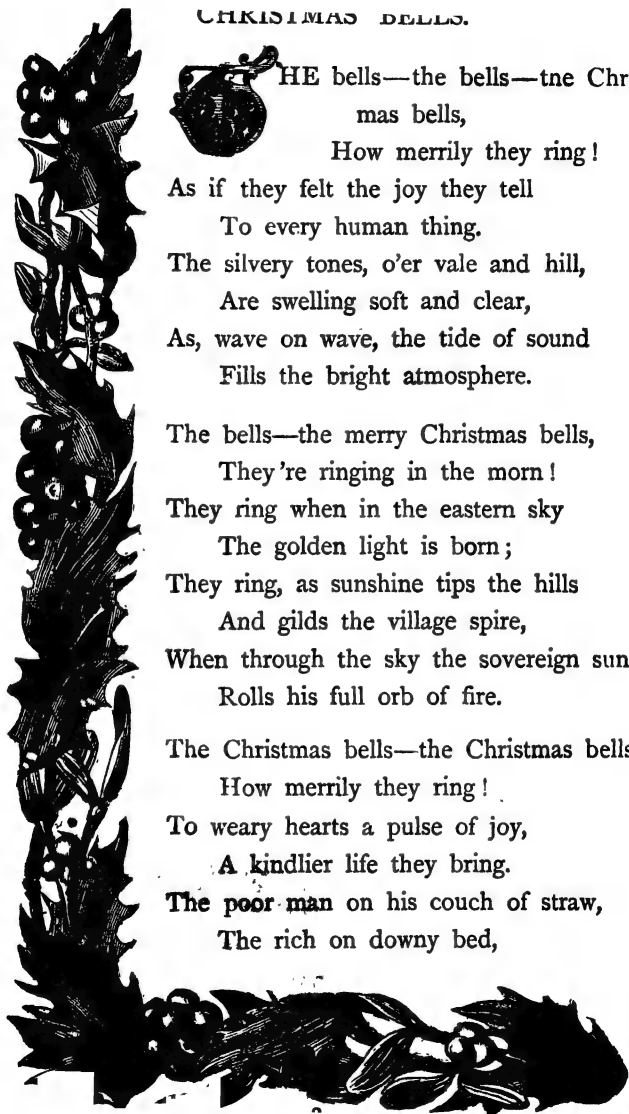
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John W. Brown.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



AVISON.

!HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Muhlenburg.



THE HEART'S SONG.



THE HEART'S SONG.



"Rehoid I stand at the door."

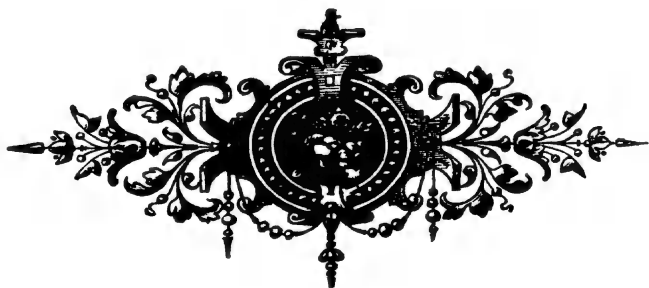
IN the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom-door,
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 't is thy pulse's beating,
'T is thy heart of sin ;
'T is thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let Me in. .

Death comes down with equal footstep
To the hall and hut ;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;
But thy door is fast :
Grieved, at length away He turneth ;
Death breaks in at last !

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the door of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee?
But—He knows thee not!

A. C. Cox.



O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.



SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down ;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe on me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When, in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide :
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now I see ;
Beside Thy cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh, show Thy cross to me;
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
When strength and comfort languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
By Thine own pain and woe.

J. W. Alexander.





ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

'Be strong and of a good courage: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee.'—Deut. xxxi. 6.



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe,
 Forward into battle
 Do His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee !
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain :
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song—
Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.



LING out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Fling out the Banner ! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner ! Let it float
Skyward, seaward, high and wide :
Our glory, only in the Cross ;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner ! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop Doane.



O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL NAME.



O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL NAME.

THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the Apostles' ardent host,
Baptize us with the hallowed flame
That fell from heaven at Pentecost.

The fearless faith that cries "Repent!"
Thy servants' earnest message fill;
By Thee the living word was sent,
Thy presence make it living still.

And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth, and Right.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Immortal Truth ! it lives in Thee ;
Our hope shall lean on Thee alone !
Thy Christ be all our liberty,
And all our strength and will Thine own !

Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom 's coming, and its rest !

Give Thy Son's herald, from above,
The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath ;
The faith that worked in Christ by love,
The trust that triumphed in His death.

F. D. Huntington.



HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.



HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.



REATOR Spirit! come and bless us;
Let Thy love and fear possess us;
With Thy graces meek and lowly
Purify our spirits wholly.
Paraclete the name Thou bearest,
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
Love, and fire, and fountain living
Spiritual unction giving,
Shower Thy benedictions seven
From Thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
Let Thy many tongues be spoken;
In our sense Thy light be glowing,
Through our souls Thy love be flowing;
Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,
Till each enemy repelling,
And Thy peace around us dwelling,
We beneath Thy guidance glorious
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

William Croswell.

THE CHILD.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
X Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—
Fears to stir a step alone—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

JERUSALEM.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

J. Newton.



JERUSALEM.



JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !

It is not to behold

The glory of thy jasper-walls,

Thy streets of purest gold ;

To see the twelve Apostles' names

Upon thy bulwark traced ;

Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,

By each an angel placed ;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see,
That I would pray, "Oh, may my home
Be found at last in thee!"

No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine;
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

But oh! than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me!

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Name ever dear to me,
Oh, may at last my name be found,"
With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee!

George H. Houghton.



AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.



AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL
HYMN.



BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more ;
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, Death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see !

Translated by Ray Palmer.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.



JOY of my Life while left me here,
And still my Love !
How in Thine absence Thou dost steer
Me from above !
A life well led
This truth commends—
With quick or dead
It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night
Is dark and long ;
The road foul, and where *one* goes right,
Six may go wrong.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

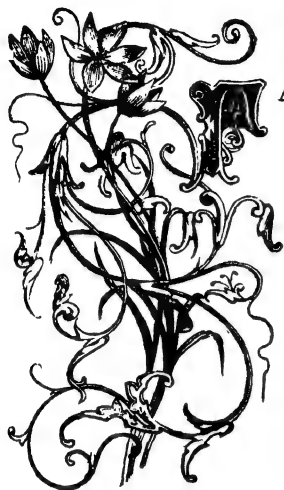
One twinkling ray
Shot o'er some cloud,
May cleare much way
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long, must passe
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse ;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Theire beams, and light
Us into bed.

'They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go ;
'They are that Citie's shining spires
We travel to :
A sword-like gleame
Kept man for sin
First *out* ;—This beame
Will guide him *in*.

H. Vaughan.

FAITH'S REPOSE.



ATHER! beneath Thy sheltering
wing

In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good that makes
us know
The Life Divine that all things
sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide—
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.



ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power
to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath,
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean caves still safe with Thee
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.





THE ANGEL OF THE LORD



ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed,
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede ;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy ;
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly !
Long has been the reign of night ;
Bring the morning nigh.

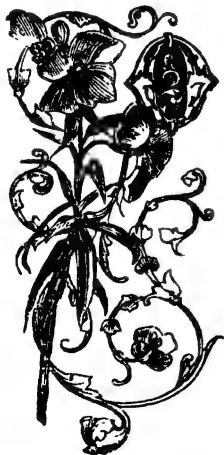
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail ;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail.

TO GOD MOST HIGH.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed !
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo ! the time decreed :
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall ;
Now the joyous song awakes,
“ God is All in All ! ”

S. F. Smith.

TO GOD MOST HIGH.



MY Lord, I have but Thee ;
Other friends are faint and few,
To myself I am not true ;
Yet, my God, Thou lovest me.

I am poor and have no more
But Thy love within my heart ;
Earth shall never tear apart
That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,
I have many pains and cares ;
But Thou camest, at unawares,
And I see Thee through my tears.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I would never be my own,
Nor on friends my heart-strings twine ;
I do seek to be but Thine,
And to love but Thee alone.

Jesus ! while Thy cross I see,
Though my heart do bleed with woe,
By those blessed streams I know,
Blood of Thine was shed for me.

O my Lord ! be Thou my Guide ;
Let me hold Thee by the hand,
Then, in drear and barren land,
I will seek no friend beside.

Robert Lowell.

LIFE'S LESSON.



UNDER the bowering honeysuckle,
By purple bells of shaking heather,
And bramble spines that closely buckle
Thick-leaved chains together,
As the sunshine plays,
Where the lily strays ;
On its stream,

LIFE'S LESSON.

Netting a gaudy maze ;
Where the shingles gleam
Flittering in cressy nook
Which the forget-me-not,
Kingcup, and harebell dot,
How the glad little brook,
Sparkling along,
Singing in joyous measure,
Toned by its own sweet pleasure,
Music's song ?

Under the night's gloom, black and starless,
When the old forest beeches near its
Darkling flood, like trees are far less
Than like shadowy spirits ;
Though the sunlight's gone
That so sweetly shone,
And the flowers
Died, as the night came on,
With the golden hours :
Through the blossom and beam,
Through the love and the light
From the glamour of night,
Have deserted its stream,
How the lone rill,
Chilled and forsaken—listen !
Makes, though no starlight glisten,
Music still !

Excelsior.



THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.



LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

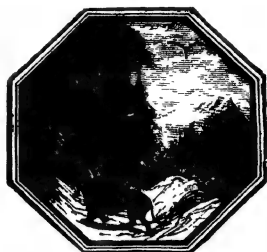
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:

PRAYER.

Low before Thy footstep kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my love show forth Thy praise.

S. F. Key.



PRAYER.



O prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
Oh, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With a rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

PRAYER.

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in the eye which the Spirit sends ;
There is peace in his calm confiding air,
For his thoughts are with God, and his last words
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;
It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake ! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

Henry Ware, jun.



CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.

LIFTED hands of sovereign might,
That spread beyond where sin can dare!
O tender eyes, whose loving light
Strikes through a blind world's dull despair!

How shall we claim one glance of Thee
Who hast all mortal fears to calm?
Or, "Son of David," ery, "on me
Have mercy?" Nay, Lord! Here is balm.

Let me not thrust before Thine eyes,
That seek where martyrs watch and wait,
A thankless life, that idly lies,
And brings no service, soon or late.

So many bondmen to release!
And devils dumb to exorcise!
Turbulent nations praying *peace!*
The grief I brought Thee voiceless lies.

It has no place, it has no name.
A gift of love to Love I bring,
The dark sky glows with living flame;
Not grief and loss, but love, I sing.

DIES

Dear Love, that heeds the bird in nest,
The singing bird, the dead in wood ;
Great Love, that smiles from east to west,
And fills all places as a flood.

Avenging Love ! But who shall call,
"Avenge me, Lord !" O Christ, we see
The lifted hands have wounds ! we fall
In silent shame to worship Thee.

Caroline Chesebro.

DIES

AY of vengeance, without morrow !
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah ! what terror is impending
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending !

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

On the written Volume's pages
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arrainging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us ;
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sons the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me ;—
Spare the hope Thy labours brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh ! give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

DIES IRÆ.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favour turning,
Save my soul from endless burning :

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning ;
Save, oh, save me from the burning !

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition !

Translation by John A. Dix.



THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.*

UT and in the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

A French Canadian employed in trapping and hunting on the banks
of American rivers.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace ;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

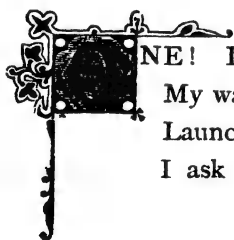
And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests with his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar ;

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HOURS.

I.—A.M.



NE! Lord, whose daily mercies number
My waking hours and hours of slumber
Launched on life's everlasting sea,
I ask the gales that waft to Thee !

II.

Two ! 'Tis the watcher's loneliest hour ;
The realm of night has darkest power :
O Father, let Thine angels keep
Kind watches o'er a world asleep !

THE HOURS.

III.

THREE! Ere the dawn's first infant breath
Floats o'er the vales the chill of death,
Oh, drive these murky shades afar,
And come, thou bright and Morning Star!

IV.

FOUR! And the early labourer wakes;
Grey o'er the hills the day-dawn breaks:
Oh, warm my heart, celestial ray,
And shine and mount, till all be day!

V.

FIVE! And beside their peaceful beds
Bow golden locks and hoary heads;
And blessings load the balmy air,
And strew the way of praise and prayer.

VI.

SIX! Night is past, and day is here;
Its voices murmur to my ear—
"Twelve hours the great Taskmaster gave:
Work, and BE MINDFUL OF THY GRAVE!"

VII.

SEVEN! Give this day our daily bread!
'Tis Thou the countless board hast spread
Where households meet, and kneel, and part,
For hall and chamber, field and mart.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

VIII.

EIGHT! And the hours are swift of flight,
Where love, and home, and young delight,
And hope, and cheerful labour, leave
No spectres for the distant eve.

IX.

NINE! Blessings, blessings on the soun
Of humble school-bells, clashing round!
The merry sowers forth they ring,
And grey-haired men the sheaves shall bring

X.

TEN! Here we till no Eden's soil;
All worthy gain is wrung by toil:
The world's vast toil, O Father, guide!
Thy kingdom first, then all beside!

XI.

ELEVEN! And morn has sped so soon;
Haste, or the journey stays till noon:
Woe, if the joyous noonday sun
Look down, and nought be yet begun!

XII.

TWELVE! Heaven puts on its dazzling robe.
And festal pomp girds round the globe;
For God is love, and life, and light,
And joy and majesty, and right.

THE HOURS.

I.—P.M.

ONE! One step downward! Oh, be mine
The faithful morning's rich decline,
And faith's calm vision clear and clearer,
As hope's bright shore grows near and nearer!

II.

'Two! Victory hovering in the west,
The soldier craves not soon to rest;
With wiser heart and cooler nerve,
Content to suffer and to serve.

III.

THREE! Shadowing clouds course o'er the plain
And gentle breezes curl the main;
And sober toil is half repose,
While day sinks lovelier than it rose.

IV.

FOUR! If along life's dusty street
A moment pause my wayworn feet,
May some kind angel stoop and smile,
And whisper sweet, "A little while!"

V.

FIVE! The long shadows of the hills
A pensive pleasing music fills,
Where Nature, with all sounds of peace,
Gives the kind signal of release.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

VI.

SIX! And the twelve hours' toil is past!
O Father, bring us home at last!
Home, as at eve we love to meet;
No clouded eye, no vacant seat!

VII.

SEVEN! And as star by star appears,
All heaven the desert wanderer cheers,
Maps the dark pathway o'er the billow,
And smiles on childhood's weary pillow.

VIII.

EIGHT! Now the moon, with silver shield,
Pale splendour pours o'er wave and field:
Oh, thus, when brighter joys depart,
Let soothing peace still fold my heart!

IX.

NINE! And our curfew! Bending low,
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"
And Thou, whose love the long day gave,
Still pardon, succour, guide, and save!

X.

TEN! Who would loiter in the dance,
Where pleasure hangs on folly's glance,
While night sits throned in starry blaze,
And tells us more than all our days?

THE HOURS.

XI.

ELEVEN ! The sentry walks the camp ;
The student lingers o'er the lamp :
The world may sleep, but I would wake,
And watch and toil for love's sweet sake.

XII.

TWELVE ! Echoing through the midnight halls,
The knell of time to judgment calls :
O Saviour, write my daily story,
Till I shall sleep, and wake in glory !

Bishop Burgess.



MISERERE DOMINE.



THOU, who look'st with pitying eye
From Thy radiant home on high,
On the spirit tempest-tost,
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost ;
Ever ready help to give,
And entreating, "Look and live!"
By that love exceeding thought.
Which from heaven the Saviour brought,
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee--
Miserere Domine!

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER! we have wandered long,
Eager from Thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way ;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God!
Now to where Thine altars burn
Penitently we return :
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot ;
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee--
Miserere Domine!

MISERERE DOMINE.

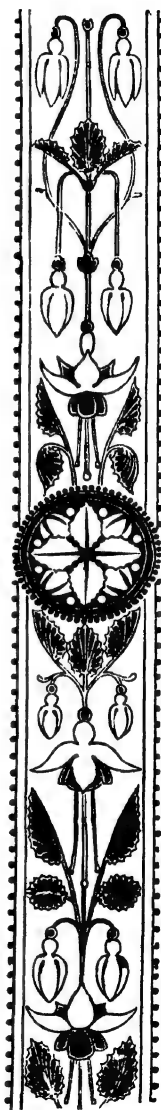
From the burden of our grief
Who but Thou can give relief?
Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death?
If in man we put our trust,
Scattered are our hopes like dust!
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Lo! we cry to Thee, our God!
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of Thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to Thee—

Miserere Domine!

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering Rock,
With the Shepherd rests the flock—
Oh, let us be gathered there,
Under Thy paternal care;
Love and labour, and rejoice
With the people of Thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow!
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee—

Miserere Domine!

William H. Burleigh.





THE LAST BOAT.



USING I sit upon the shore,
Awaiting till the boat shall come,
And bear me to my far-off home ;
To cease from wandering evermore.

Wearied with waiting, pinched with
cold,

Dim eyes of mine still watch the stream,
Which runs as in an endless dream ;—
Runs now, will run, and ran of old.

Ever unchanged, the constant swirl
In little whirlpools eddies still,
The straws and leaves float down the rill,
And slime and scum still onward whirl.

THE LAST BOAT.

For storms still ruffle its dark breast ;
The sunshine long hath ceased to play,
Which in the morning of my day
Fitfully shone with sweet unrest.

The day is dying ;—morn and noon
And sober afternoon are gone ;
Yet the boat comes not, and alone
I wait, and for its coming swoon.

But still the waters hurry on,
The moving waters, dark and drear ;
The wavelets dance in van and rear,
And I am waiting to be gone.

I would be home before the night
Sets in to freeze my spirit chill ;
For I have crept adown the hill
I mounted with a spirit light.

Lone, aged, and worn, I dread the cold,
The silent darkness long and drear :
I've nought to wrap me from the air
Whistling so shrilly o'er the wold.

But, as a shadow on the land
Glides swiftly over field and wood,
Suddenly, where no mortal stood,
The Boatman hoar is close at hand.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

He beckons, and I step within;
The river glides and swirls away,
So swiftly that I scarce can say,
‘O World! Farewell, Life, Death, and Sin.”

Author of “The Gentle Life.”



“THOU COMPASSEST MY PATH.”



If there had anywhere appeared in space
Another place of refuge where to flee,
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
Where 'Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—
That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
We fled to Thee.

THOU ART MY PORTION, O LORD.

THOU ART MY PORTION,
O LORD.



LORD! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
'That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee:
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee:
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

Oberlin.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

IN THE NIGHT.

DARK, dark the night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,
And God is very far off with His day!

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why, this may be thy chance,
When things are at their worst to prove thy faith;
Look up, and wait thy great deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear?
'Tis for the trial-time that this was given.
Though clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
And Faith will find Him in the heart of heaven.

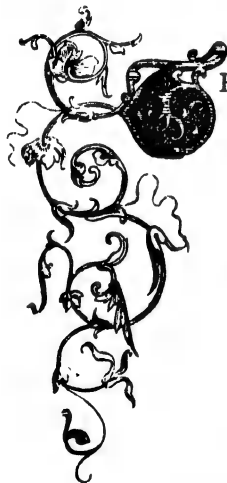
'Tis often on the last grim ridge of war
God takes His stand to aid us in our fight;
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,
And, beaten back, is near us in His might!

Under the wildest night, the heaviest woe,
When earth looks desolate—heaven dark with doom,
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

Gerald Massey.



THY WAY, NOT MINE.



HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot :
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

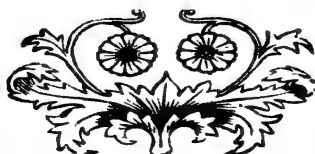
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

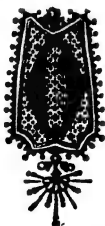
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!

Bonar.





COMFORT.



HOW many hours of beauty
Has the Master dealt around?
And how many broken spirits
Has He tenderly upbound?

Oh, how often, to refresh us,
Warmly beams the sun of life,
Chasing from our brows the furrows
Gathered in its gloom and strife.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thus it will go on for ever
Till the end of all things here ;
Till our Lord to glory call us
In His presence to appear.

Then the Fatherland to enter,
And no more as pilgrims drest ;
But adorned with all the shining
Festal raiment of the blest.

Should not this thy spirit strengthen
To rejoice, be calm and still,
And to follow where He leadeth,
Let Him lead thee where He will?

All things work for Thy salvation,
If indeed thou art His friend :
Tarry but a little season,
Only wait until the end.

So thy bitterest, as the sweetest,
Serve alike to lead to heaven ;
Nor thy voice alone shall praise Him
For the cross that once was given.

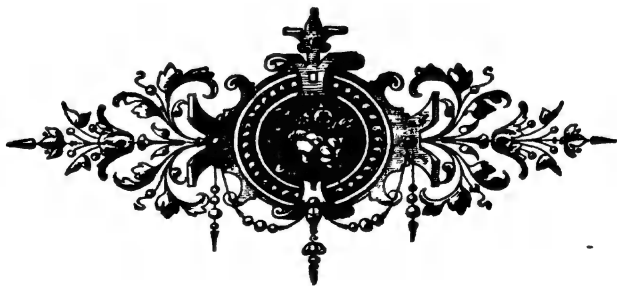
Doubtless rugged heights arising,
Fill thy heart with deep alarms ;
But where Thou canst not surmount them,
Christ will bear thee in His arms.

COMFORT.

Only journey ever onward,
Farther on the homeward way,
Ever with an eye uplifted
To the clearer realms of day.


Fearless thou may'st tread the valley,
All in shadow though it be,
When the open blue of heaven
Shines beyond the gloom for thee.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.





CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER.



I F we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our lives one long connected
prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been
and are,

If, never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

Archbishop Trench.



THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.




SAINT Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events
That with the hour begin and end—
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;




All these must be first trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.



"GOD WITH US."

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Longfellow.

"GOD WITH US."



WHEN God came down from heaven—
the living God—

What signs and wonders marked His
stately way?

Brake out the winds in music where
He trod?

Shone o'er the heavens a brighter,
softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind
to see,

And the lame leaped, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When God went back to heaven—the living God—
Rode He the heavens upon a fiery car !
Waved seraph wings along His glorious road ?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star ?

Upon the cross He hung, and bowed the head,
And prayed for them that smote and them that cursed ;
And, drop by drop, His slow life-blood was shed,
And His last hour of suffering was His worst.

Milman.

“AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH.”



COME, dear Lord, like a tired
child, to creep
Unto Thy feet, and there a while
to sleep ;
Wearied, though not with a long
busy day,
But with the morning's sun-
shine and with play ;
And with some tears that fell,
although the while
They scarce were deep enough
to drown a smile.

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

There is no need for words of mine to tell
My heart to Thee ; Thou needest not to spell,
As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;
Thou knowest all,—knowest far more than I
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing all the while
How soon will pass away the endless grief,
How soon will come the gladness and relief ;
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,
And not the less, with tender, pitying hand,
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face
Dost cherish to a smile in Thine embrace,
Until the pain is gone : and 'Thou dost say,
"Go now, my child, and work for Me to-day."

Thoughts from a Girl's Life.





"THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT
IS IN THE CLOUDS."



DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,
Where many joys from suffering flow.

Oft breathes simoom, and close behind
A breath of God doth softly blow.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,
And not of lightning, falls below.

How many winters o'er thy head
Have past!—yet bald it does not show.

Thy branches are not bare, and yet
What storms have shook them to and fro!

To thee has time brought many joys,
If many it has bid to go;

And seasoned has with bitterness
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

"THE BRIGHT LIGHT," ETC.

Trust in that veiled hand, which leads
None by the path that he would go,

And always be for change prepared,
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

Stand fast in suffering, until He
Who called it shall dismiss also ;

And from that Lord all good expect,
Who many mercies strews below ;

Who in life's narrow garden-strip
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

Archbishop Trench.





WAITING FOR SPRING.



WAITING for Spring! The mother, watching
lonely
By her sick child when all the night is
dumb,
Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing
only,
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring days come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah me! all Nature tarries,
As motionless and cold she lies asleep,
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,
Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom
Of those great woods; we want some light green shoots
We want the white and red acacia blossom,
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are watching,
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing;
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their anger,
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still
Feel a far hope through all their strife and languor,
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting ever,
Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;
Look for the time when all these clouds shall sever,
See high above the cross a flowery crown.

Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye weary,
Looking for better things, and grieving much!
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary,
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His touch.

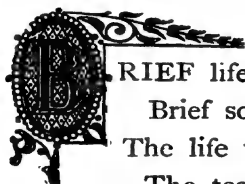
It must be so,—the man, the soul, the nation,
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,
Earth for all charms by light and colour given,
The body for its robe of resurrection,
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our heaven.

Cecil Frances Alexander.



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.



BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.
Oh, happy retribution ;
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky !
There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.


JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow :
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

Behold, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day :
Yes ! God my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

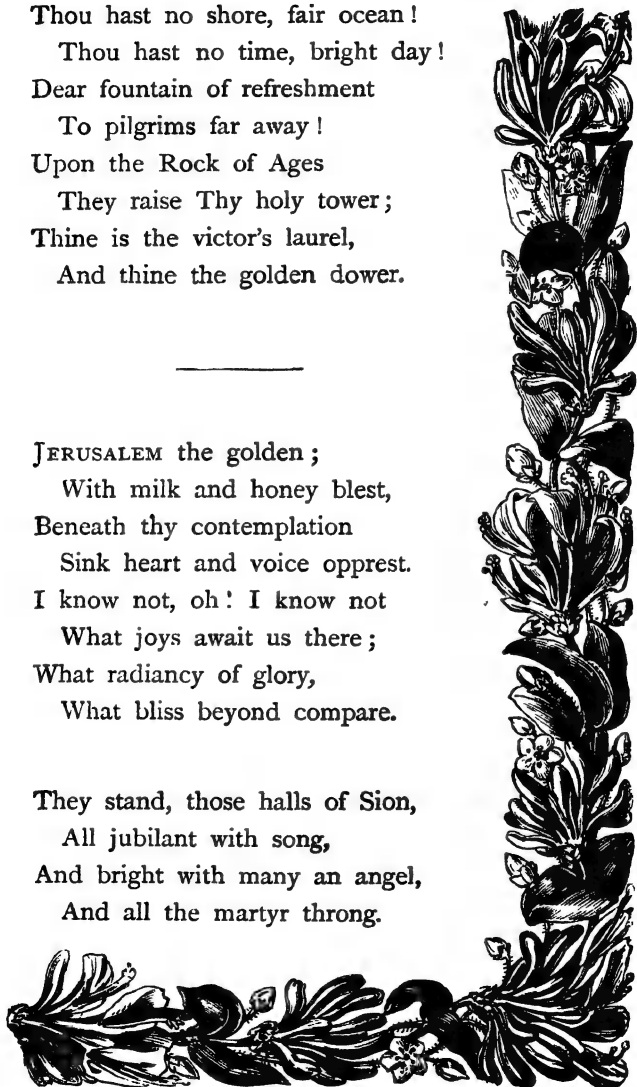
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-Stone is Christ.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

JERUSALEM the golden ;
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

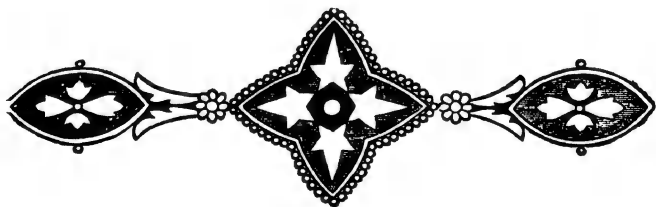


CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
'The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

St. Bernard—Translated by Dr. Neale.



MISSIONARY HYMN.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

NWARD! onward! men-of heaven,
Rear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky;
Bear it where the eastern stranger
Dwells 'neath Asia's sunniest ray;
Where the western forest ranger
Lingers ere he pass away.

Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly let its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing;
Frozen Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the mingled strain of praise.

Rude in speech or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free;
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply,
Onward! Christ is our salvation,
And your death is victory.



SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!



SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise !

Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there wide unfurl'd ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest die,
There the saving sign display.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the stray'd :
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
With the Spirit's sword array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd ;
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.





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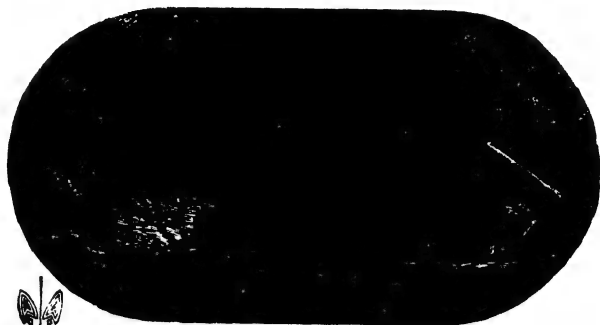
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"HELP, LORD! OR WE PERISH!"

HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman
to cherish,

We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,

Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,

Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,

When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,

Arise in thy strength Thy redeemèd to cherish,

Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

Heber.

REST OF THE WEARY.

REST OF THE WEARY.



EST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad ;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend !

Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead ;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend !

When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high ;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and friend !

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Ever confessing
Thee I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise :
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend !

HO ! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.



O ! every one that thirsteth,
Drink at the living well,
Within whose source the streams of life
And joy eternal dwell ;
Come ye, the poor, no wordly gift
The sacred draught can buy ;
Pure, deep, and sweet, and without price,
The sacred waters lie.

Come ye in faith, incline your ear,
And so your soul shall live,
Strengthened for ever by the draught
The well of truth can give :

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

And God, yea, even God, whose words
Alone are just and true,
Will hear and make an everlasting
Covenant with you.

Come ye in faith, and ye shall then
Go out with joy—be led forth free
As the high mountains and the hills,
That seem to sing in glee!
And that shall be a sign to thee
That He hath heard thy voice;
And ye who walk within His ways
May evermore rejoice!

J. E. Carpenter.





MY HOME.



Y Home! my Home! I've paused a while
In many a stranger land,
And seen in all "boon nature" smile
Beneath her Maker's hand:
But never, since calm reason took
From Fancy's clutch her rhyming book,
A joyful resting planned—
Till here the blessed scene I laid,
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! my Home! oh, ever dear
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.

I deem my Home an emblem meet
Of that enduring last retreat,
From pain and passion free,
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,
And yield her followers up to God.

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.



HOSE eternal bowers

Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white ?

He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, " I will be crowned : "
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King.
Denizens of regions
Past imagining !
What ! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour—
When He tells you, “ Fight ! ”

While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side !
Oh, heed not the story
Of this life's distress :
Oh, the future glory !
Oh, the loveliness !



MORN.



MORN.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the
skies ;

Christ, the true, the only Light ;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of
night !

Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;

Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief !
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

Rev. Charles Wesley.



MORNING LIGHT.



LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more high.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in our hearts
Fresh energy to do our parts ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

ON GOING TO LABOUR.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend !
Praise Him through time, till time shall end !
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

Francis Turner Palgrave.

ON GOING TO LABOUR.



WORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.



PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN.

PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN.



RAISE the Lord of heaven,
Praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels,
Praise Him, stars and light !
Praise Him, skies and waters,
Which above the skies,
When His word commanded,
Did, established, rise !

Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains,
Cedars and all trees !
Praise Him, clouds and vapours,
Snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind fulfilling
Only His desire !

Praise Him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings !
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things ;
For the name of God
Is excellent alone ;
Over earth His footstool,
Over heaven His throne !

T. B. Browne.



MY GOD AND KING.



LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part:

Let the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

George Herbert.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.



HE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the Free !

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band :
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans.



IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"Lord, help me."—Matt. xv. 25.

IN the hour of trial,
JESUS, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain ;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
JESUS, take me dying
To eternal life.

ART THOU WEARY?

"Come unto me."—Matt. xi. 28.



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?

'Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest !"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns !"

HEAR, O LORD AND GOD! MY CRIES.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

HEAR, O LORD AND GOD! MY CRIES.

HEAR, O Lord and God! my cries;
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate my eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite in number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber;

Lest my foes their boasting make,
"Spite of right on him we trample;"
And a pride in mischief take,
Heartened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,
Sunshine shall have his returning,
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

Francis Davison.

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

HYMN.



THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

THOU spakest ; and the waters rolled
Back from the earth away,
They fled by Thy strong voice controlled,
Till Thou didst bid them stay ;
Then did that rushing mighty ocean
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep,
The land lay tranquil now,
Like a new-christened child asleep,
With the dew upon its brow :
As when in after time the earth
Rose from her second watery birth,
In pure baptismal garments drest,
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,
And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,
A robe of lustrous green ;
Like souls wherein the hidden strength
Of their new birth is waked at length,
When, robed in holiness, they tell
What might did in those waters dwell.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul
The word of power be said ;
My thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
Each in its channelled bed ;
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To thy command, whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,
The wild and wayward will
From side to side is wearily
Changing and tossing still ;
But swayed by Thee 't is like the river
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And, calm and constant, tells to all
'The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright
Of holiness begin ;
So let it lie with Heaven's grace
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young Earth in peace profound,
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

T. Whytehead.



SONG OF AN OLD MAN.



HOUGH winter yet be not o'erpast,
The breath of spring steals o'er the lea ;
Is it in mercy unto me,
April, thou comest in such haste ?

Ah ! gentle friend, I would behold
Thy fair young face, thy tender tears ;
In thy soft voice my spirit hears
Itself speak cheerly as of old.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When ere the dawn I wake and weep,
To think of hearts that beat no more,
And cruel memories haunt me sore,
Come thou, and through my lattice creep ;

And murmuring in the ivy-leaves,
Waken the early morning bird,
Whose mirth by the first daylight stirred,
Sings to me from beneath the eaves.

Oh ! the first snowdrop let me see,
The first young primrose laughing out ;
When the rathe violet sheds about
Its magic soul, bear that to me.

When in their hearts thy life is born,
The young man laughs, the young girl sighs,
And love, in light of their blue eyes,
Moves, as in heaven the star of morn.

Wild horses run in valleys wide,
The deer leaps up in oaken glade,
The lion from his rocky shade
Roars, and runs down the mountain-side.

When thy swift life moves in their blood,
Like lightning, lo ! the strong arise,
And do great deeds, and o'er the wise
Roll godlike visions like a flood.

SONG OF AN OLD MAN.

The poet bares his suffering brows
Unto thee, and his voice is heard
Mingling with song of tree and bird,
Like gods beneath the garden boughs.

But I am old, and in my breast
The embers of the ancient fire
Flame not again at my desire—
Oh! I am old, and crave but rest.

Lead me a little in the sun,
Kind hand of maid or loving child;
My tears the light of heaven shall gild
Until my wintry day be done.

Though in my heart the voice of spring,
With its bright flowers and carols clear,
Tells me not of the passing year,
And the new life in everything;

But takes me back where lie inurned
The ashes of imperial joys,
Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,
Great passions with their torches burned.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,
And sets upon their ancient thrones
The scattered monumental bones
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

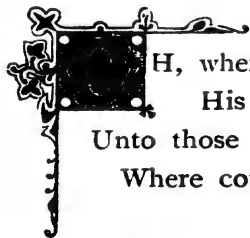
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath
Of Virgin song, and fair young Love
Is seen his golden plumes to move
Over the grim grey land of Death.

My heart is like a temple dim,
Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats
And sad celestial organ notes
Hover, like wings of cherubim.

Touched by some unseen hand, around
The marble figures of the dead ;
But at this hour no living tread
Is heard, no disenchanting sound.

OH, WHEN MY GOD.



H, when my God, my glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain ;

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest ;
Make me amongst them ('t is my suit !)
The last one, and the least.

H. Vaughan.

O THOU! WHOSE WISE PATERNAL LOVE.

O THOU! WHOSE WISE PATERNAL
LOVE.



THOU! whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active spirit down.
Thy will I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at Thy gracious
Throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
But while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness
show.

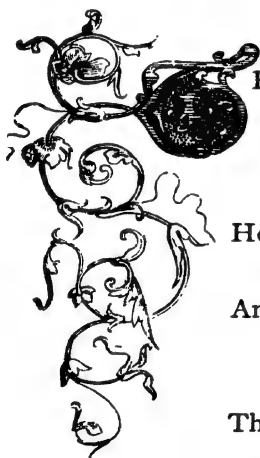
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, with Thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The aid I ask in Jesu's right—
The strength He did for me procure—
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh, may I live of Thee possessed
In weakness, weariness, and pain !
The anguish of my throbbing breast,
The daily cross, may I sustain,
For Him who languished on the tree,
But lived, before He died, for me.

PASSING THE GATE.



HERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands :
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands ;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door ;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,
And Death the sentry grim ;
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him ;
And ransomed sinners, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

PASSING THE GATE.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed,
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey homeward winging,
They leave to earth their fears;
Death like an angel seemeth:
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth;
'Tis life for them to die.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

SIGHS AND GROANS.



H, do not use me
After my sins ! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory ; then Thou wilt reform
And not refuse me. For Thou only art
The mighty God ; but I, a silly worm.
Oh, do not bruise me.

Oh, do not urge me !
For what account can Thy ill steward make ?
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,
Sucked all Thy magazines. My head did ache
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods.
Oh, do not scourge me !

Oh, do not blind me !
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light
But I am frailty, and already dust ,
Oh, do not grind me !

Oh, do not fill me
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath !
For Thou hast other vessels, full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death. Since He died for my good,
Oh, do not kill me !

George Herbert.

SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO HIS WILL.



SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO HIS
WILL.

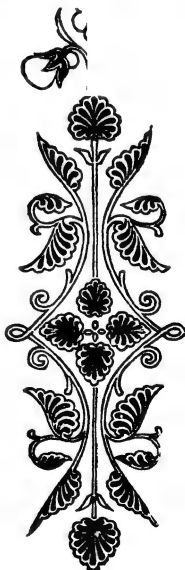


't is God's will, pain, take
your course,
Exert on me your utmost force :
I well God's truth and promise
know ;



He never sends a woe,
But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
In weakness can exceed,
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks
despise.



Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregvably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
Give me victorious might :
No pang can me invade,
Beneath His wings' propitious shade.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



EVENING HYMN.



OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !



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